THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FORTY YEARS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARGUERITE HARP.

'Tis forty years ago to-day
Since little Alice went away;
I looked my last as through a veil,
To see her lying still and pale,
With white hands folded on her breast,
In attitude of peaceful rest.
I kissed the lips that faintly smiled,
And with the angels left my child.

For forty years has Alice slept,
For forty years her loss I've wept,
And yet she's ever in my sight
In visions of the silent night,
And all the long and toilsome day
Her face is not so far away;
But on my knees, O, undefiled!
I feel the presence of my child.

I've but to close my weary eyes,
And from the shadows she will rise—
I see her gleaming golden hair,
I see her face so strangely fair,
I stretch my hands with sobbing cry,
But ah! she floats in sunshine by;
And there again all light divine,
Her loving eyes are raised to mine.

She's standing in the open door—
She's dancing on the parlor floor—
She's sitting in my easy chair—
She's idly toying with my hair—
Her arms around my neck do twine,
Her little hands are clasped in mine,
But in her face no care appears,
Nor yet a trace of forty years.

My once dark locks are white as snow,
My cheeks have lost their crimson glow,
Deep lines of care are on my brow,
My step is slow and feeble now;
The weary years have left their trace
In bending form and wasted face;
But all my life so sad and cold,
My little girl has ne'er grown old.

O joy! O joy! these forty years
Have never dimmed her eyes with tears,
And she is still as pure and fair
As when she played about my chair;
Her smile as full of pure delight,
Her silken locks as softly bright,
And in a land all undefiled,
I soon shall clasp my little child.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866 by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XII.

Hans made good use of his time both in replenishing his stock of goods, with which we have nothing particular to do, and his stock of news especially with regard to the rumored expedition, with which we have a good deal to do.

He ascertained that a fleet of more than a dozen transports, convoyed by two men of war, had arrived at Alexandria, on the Potomac, that a few days before a thousand "reg'lars" had been landed, and were waiting for the reinforcements that were to pour in upon them, and that all hands were to make a triumphal march across the dulcet meadows, over the gentle hills, and through the pensive sylvan shades of the Quaker Colony, walk into Fort Duquesne some fine morning after breakfast, take an early dinner, and then push on to the next item in the programme, to wit, Frontenac, then Niagara, and so on. It was all nicely cut and dried.

We shall see hereafter how all this was realized. The expedition was under the command of General Edward Braddock, whose character is admirably summed up by that charming, incomparable, spiteful old he gossip Walpole, in just eighteen words—"Desperate in his fortune, brutal in his behavior, obstinate in his sentiments, he was still intrepid and capable."

In the words of a more modern writer—"Six feet high, of Atlantean shoulders, of good appetite, and a lover of his bottle, he was equal to any effort of personal vigor. He was a match for the best swordsman in the army—and could drink his whole mess under the table! He swore copiously, as troopers were wont to do in those days. Turbulent and pugnacious, he was never so much at his ease as in the burly burly of war. Intrepid and loyal, he was always ready to fight for his king or his great master, his royal highness the burly Duke of Cumberland, whom he was proud to copy as the model soldier."

He had served in Flanders, where "our army swore terribly," and in Spain, and had taken his share of the beating the French gave the English at Fontenoy, where he drew off his regiment of the Foot Guards with such cool courage and steady discipline, as to be rewarded, soon after the battle, by a promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy.

A desperate gambler, reckless of and not pretending to any virtue but bravery, shamelessly and openly licentious, guilty, in the straits to which his reckless prodigality and ill luck at the gaming-table frequently reduced him, of many a mean and dirty little act which I will not take the room to detail, and withal, having about as accurate a notion of bush-fighting as the horse he rode, his present position was as splendid an illustration of the "how-*not*-to-do-it" policy of the circumlocution-office of those days, as could well have been made.

After a few busy days in Philadelphia, Schnappe was on his way back to the interior, carrying with him his budget of news, and some letters, one of which, from Mr. Morton to Philip, will explain the causes which brought the latter to America. It ran thus—in modern spelling:

"Philadelphia, April 1st, 1755.

"My dear Son—You will be surprised to see the place from which this is dated. I have hardly got over my own surprise, or the shock of the calamity which has driven me, in my old age, to seek a home among strangers and in a strange land, where everything is new to me, to begin the world again.

"Beechwold is mine no longer. You will ask why and how I have lost it. It is the old story, my son. I was not satisfied with what I had, but must needs try, like an old fool as I was, to make it more.

"What had I to do with speculations, as wild, I can see it now, though I was blind then, as the South Sea bubble that scattered so many fortunes to the winds forty or fifty years ago? Well, no matter, I went into them, expecting to realise a hundred per cent. on my outlay, and I have realised—ruin. It was all outlay and no return.

"I was led into it by your Uncle Oliver. I don't blame him for it, for he, I know, was as perfectly sincere and honest in this as in the dozen other impracticable schemes he has undertaken and failed in. I ought to have known better, knowing his visionary character and utter unfitness for business, as I did, but I suffered myself to be led on step by step—first, in advancing money to get his project (it was some new fangled way of draining marsh ground that the Father of evil himself, who must first have suggested the idea to him couldn't have understood,) in working order, then more money to pay for unsuccessful experiments and remedy mistakes, then incurring obligations to meet other obligations of his which were coming to maturity, until at last, as I might have expected from the beginning, the day of reckoning came, and the dear old place was sold over my head.

"England was no place for me then; and, having saved a few thousands from the wreck, after paying the last farthing I owed, I have come to the New World to seek my fortune again.

"Your mother and sisters have borne it nobly. Not a word of the reproach I deserved; nothing but kind and cheerful words, and readiness to sacrifice everything.

"We are all very anxious to see you. Come to us immediately, won't you? And bring Sexton, with you, if he can leave; somebody here wants to see him too. We shall remain here until we hear from or see you."

In addition to this letter, Hans was charged with one to Philip from his mother; one from Carrie, which was stout enough for two long epistles—perhaps there were two—and one from Ellen, the elder sister, in which she particularly requested him to make his appearance in his hunting shirt and moccasins, as she wished to see how the trim artillery officer would look in such heathenish equipments.

About two weeks after Ellen had freighted Hans with this message, she was returning home from a visit, late one afternoon, so late, indeed, that the dusk was deepening into darkness. The streets, never very full of people, were at the moment comparatively empty, nearly everybody having gone home to supper.

She had noticed, however, two men on the opposite side of the High Street along which she was walking, who seemed to be keeping pace with her movements. She did not feel exactly alarmed, though it was rather late to be out alone, but she felt just that kind of uncomfortable nervousness that the coolest and most intrepid man is hardly free from when he sees that his steps are dogged.

She quickened her pace a little, glancing furtively around to see if her motions were imitated; they still kept pace with her; she slackened her speed; the two men slackened theirs also, without apparently looking at her, but still keeping about opposite, across the wide street.

It was impossible, in the increasing darkness, to distinguish their features or their dress with any certainty, though she could see that the latter, in one of them, was unlike anything she had ever beheld.

She began to be seriously alarmed, and hurried on as fast as she could, without actually running.

Afraid to look behind her, she had not observed another man softly following, within twenty feet of her, on the same side of the street. She had now reached Water Street, to her great relief, for she was within half a square of home.

Glancing partially around, she saw that the two men were a little in the rear, and were crossing the street; turning the corner quickly to get out of sight, she broke into a run, now thoroughly frightened. Before she had gone a dozen steps she felt a hand laid lightly on her shoulder, and a voice saying,

"Whereaway so fast, my pretty little dear?" Turning instinctively, she saw a stranger at her side, who seized her hand before she could suspect his intention, and attempted to draw her arm through his, exclaiming, "By Jove, but you're an active little piece; what makes you run away so fast from your friends?"

"I don't know you, sir;" said poor Ellen, struggling in vain to free her hand; "please let me go; you have made a mistake."

"Not a bit," said the fellow, still holding her firmly, "no mistake at all; you're going to give me—"

What, he had not time to say, for the words were cut short by a strong gripe on his throat which effectually choked them off.

The next instant, before he was fairly aware what had happened, his feet were kicked from under him, and he found himself on his back, with a heavy knee on his breast and the hand still on his throat.

"What the devil do you mean?" he gasped, as well as he could, through the small aperture his assailant left him for speaking; "what do you mean by attacking a peaceable citizen in the public street this way? I'll blow your infernal brains out," he added, with an oath, trying at the same time to thrust his hand into his bosom.

The hand was promptly caught by his assailant, who, he now saw, was a man apparently about his own age, and with a strength and activity, clearly manifest in the ease with which he had thrown and now held him, against which he was utterly powerless.

His conqueror was dressed in the green hunting shirt and leggins commonly worn by "backwoodsmen," as they were termed, though instead of the ordinary skin cap, his head was covered by a jaunty looking undress foraging cap.

Standing beside them was another man, enveloped in a cloak, and wearing the ordinary cocked hat of the period, who stood coolly looking on, without attempting to interfere.

Ellen, who was too frightened to move, recognized the two as the men who had been following her.

"Keep your hands where they are," said Hunting Shirt, in a low, hissing voice, "or I'll try the strength of your head on the stones!"

"Do you mean to murder me?" gurgled the other.

"Not this time," said Hunting Shirt, sternly; "only to give you a lesson to allow ladies to walk along the street without insulting them. If I ever catch you at it again, I'll silence you forever. Now begone, and remember!"

So saying, he sprang to his feet, before the other had time to move, giving a surge upon his breast with the knee that had held him down that forced an involuntary grunt from him, and left him with an ache in his ribs for a week afterwards.

Struggling to his feet, the fellow slunk off around the corner and disappeared.

Approaching and raising his cap politely, with a half military movement, the stranger said to Ellen:

"Madam, I am very glad we were able to be of service to you in this unpleasant rencontre. Shall we have the honor of seeing you safely to your residence?"

"I thank you, sir, most earnestly, for your kindness," said Ellen; "I have but a short distance to go, but I feel so unnerved, I'm afraid I must trespass so far on your courtesy."

Each started slightly, as at something familiar in the tones of the other's voice, but no farther remark was made until they reached the door.

Ellen insisted upon their entering, that she might see her preservers, and that her parents might thank them also.

But little persuasion was needed, particularly as a dawning of the true state of the case had begun to glimmer upon the minds of the two men. As they advanced into the lighted parlor, and as Ellen was saying,

"Father, these gentlemen—" she was interrupted by a sudden exclamation of her father, a simultaneous shriek of delight from her mother and Carrie, and a tumultuous rush of all three at the two men; for as they took off their hats, and the cloak of one of them fell from his shoulders, there stood the long absent brother and lover, in imminent danger of suffocation in the violent hugging to which they were subjected by all and sundry, including Ellen, who did not wait to finish her sentence.

"Did you know who I was?" asked Ellen of her brother, as soon as matters had been restored to some little order, and she had told her story. "You don't know how you frightened me, when I saw you both dogging me so long."

"No," said Philip, "we didn't recognise you at all. Walt and I had just left our horses at the inn, and started on our way here, when we first saw you. I suppose our attention was attracted by your being the only lady in sight, and so late in the evening. Walt was just remarking that it was hardly safe for a lady to be out alone, when just as you passed an alley, I saw a man steal out of it and follow you on tiptoe. We made up our minds at once that we would keep near you, and as matters turned out, it was well we did. I didn't suspect who you were till you spoke, and even then I wasn't quite certain, until we were fairly in the house. How do you like the hunting shirt and moccasins? You see I've obeyed the directions in your letter."

"It was your outlandish dress that made me afraid of you at first," said she. "I thought you must be an Indian, and I never felt more relieved in my life than when I heard you speak in such remarkably good English."

"Well, well," interrupted the father, "never mind that now; I'm glad you stayed out so late, for once, Nelly, as you brought home the boys with you; but please don't repeat the experiment; I don't think it quite safe. Now, Master Phil, we want to hear a long story this evening from you; where you have been and how you got there (after you left Boston, I mean) and what you have seen and done, and how you came to see and do it, and all about it."

So Philip, sitting beside his mother, who held one of his hands in both of her own, gently rubbing and patting it, almost unconsciously, while Carrie sat on the other side of the fire-place, with Sexton as close to her as he could conveniently get his chair, began his story, pretty much as I have told it already.

This portion of it was entirely new to them, as they had received no letters from him since the time my narrative began.

He had, in addition to the novelty of his story, an advantage which I lack, in telling it for him, the certainty, before he began, that his audience would be pleased and thoroughly interested in it, and in consequence he told it a good deal better, I am afraid, than I have been doing, for, before he had done, he had effected that triumph of the *raconteur*, making his audience feel as though all the characters in his story, Storm-Cloud, Eli, Adam Gordon, Wild-Cat, were old friends.

Even Captain Jack came in for a share of affectionate admiration and sympathy, though his auditors turned pale and cringed at some of the wild, bloody legends he repeated of the terrible Chasseur Noir and his pitiless vengeance.

After the rest of the family had retired, Mr. Morton and the two young men sat together till late in the night, discussing the prospects and plans of the former in his now altered circumstances.

CHAPTER XIII.

Schnappe had, in the meantime, got back safely to Harris's Station, and unfolded his budget of news to Colonel Wharton.

The old commandant, though trained in the British line, in all the formality of the old school, had been in the wilderness long enough to learn something of the informal tactics of the new school in which, so to speak, he now occupied a form. He had sense enough, as soon as he commenced, to see that he had undertaken a business of which he understood next to nothing; he had also the rarer good sense to admit his ignorance, and learn of those who did understand what they were doing, and at the time my story begins had become, under the instructions of Eli and Adam Gordon, as much of an adept in "Injin" fighting as was, perhaps, possible to a regular officer of threescore.

There was one point in which he had persisted in differing from his advisers; that was the introduction of small cannon, already mentioned, and the event had proved that he was right.

The two borderers, knowing little of anything but the rifle, and having a natural contempt for any weapon that was so clumsy to handle, and could not be relied upon to pick out any particular eye at a hundred and fifty yards distance, had remonstrated strongly against it as only fit to waste powder, which would be needed for the small arms and make noise, which was not needed at all. Neither of them had ever seen a cannon, and they had no idea of the tremendous force of its discharge.

However, in spite of their remonstrances, it was brought, with infinite toil, to the block-house, but so well boxed up that no one, except themselves and Colonel Wharton, had any suspicion of the contents of the heavy box that was stowed away so carefully in the little room. The general impression in the garrison and throughout the settlement was that it was full of guineas; for what else, they argued, could it have been that was so outrageously heavy and was kept so studiously concealed?

Colonel Wharton's object in keeping it concealed, up to this time, was simply to enhance its effect when used; an object in which he had succeeded perfectly, for the two destructive discharges from it had quite as much to do with the final departure of the assailants as had Captain Jack's unexpected appearance. The Indians, to this day, though much more familiar with them, are proverbially afraid of cannon. A dozen round shot, or a storm of grape have no little respect for the trees and bushes among which they are sent to put up skulkers, and make their way through a body of men with no little discretion.

It is but justice to the border men to say that the effect of the two discharges as seen in the number of the enemy that lay between the port-hole and the palisades, the morning after the attack, dissipated their prejudices at once. Indeed, Eli, when he learned that the gun had been worked on that occasion by his pupil Philip, began to conceive something like an affection for it.

So, the gun was now openly mounted, its muzzle grinning through the opening cut for it, much to the dread of the boys and girls of the settlement, when they had any errand to the block-house, they having a settled conviction that if they should by any accident get before it, it would inevitably go off of its own accord.

When Schnappe brought the certain news that the British troops were in the country preparing for the expedition, Colonel Wharton concluded to celebrate their arrival by a salvo of artillery. He would have liked to do the thing on a grand scale, by firing thirteen rounds, one for each colony, but powder was too scarce and difficult to get to admit of any such reckless extravagance; so he compromised upon three, leaving the odd ten to be taken for granted.

I cannot forbear pausing here, with pardonable elation at the discovery, to say, that, so far as my researches have extended, this is the first "compromise" upon any question in which the country was concerned, that is to be found on record.

It was soon known throughout the settlement that "the cannon was to be fired off;" and on the morning after Schnappe's return, the whole population, men, women and children, were gathered on the bank of the river, where the piece had been placed, to see the performance.

The match was applied the first time by Colonel Wharton himself, and dire were the screams of the women and squalling of babies at the report.

The second shot was fired by Eli, at the commandant's request, and the last, as a special favor, at his own importunity, backed by the persuasions of Adam Gordon, who, as we have seen before, had taken rather a fancy to him, by little Frank Lightfoot.

The boy stood to the work bravely; not a wink, not the stir of a muscle was visible at the sharp "bang!" of the gun. At that momentous epoch in his life not even the shrill objurgations of "brother Tom's" shrewish spouse Sally, nee Spelter, could shake his nerves.

"That boy has 'grit' in him," said the commandant to Gordon, as the lad turned towards them, "if he can stand before a gun as coolly and steadily as he has stood behind it he'll make a good soldier one of these days. Come here, boy."

Frank came up, his eyes sparkling with excitement and glee at having successfully "teched off old Buster" as he phrased it.

"You're a cool chap," said the commandant, "and fit for something better than whacking down trees and grubbing out stumps here; what do you expect to do when you grow up?"

"Hunt Injins," said the boy, laconically.

"Hunt Indians," said the colonel, sadly; "the same old story with all; revenge and bloodthirstiness sucked in with their mother's milk; no consciousness of any difference between the men of the forest and its beasts; who taught you that Indians should be hunted, youngster?"

"Larn't it in the cabin the night dad an' mammy was skelped by them Chippawas."

Colonel Wharton had not heard the story, but it was easily guessed at.

"You are too young, my boy," said he, gently, "to harbor such feelings; did you never hear it said that you must forgive your enemies?"

"Forgive 'em! What's that? Let 'em alone?"

"Yes; or at least don't disturb them unless they disturb you."

"Can't do that," said the boy, sharply and emphatically, "see them two afore me every night, tellin' me to *remember*," and he broke down again, suddenly into one of those passionate gusts of crying which always seemed to steel instead of softening him.

"It's no use, colonel," said Eli in a low voice, "the boy was cut out for this work, an' he can't be turned from it; an' though what you say is good, it won't do with them bloody Chippawas; they're wolves by nater, an' nothin' but wolves' treatment 'll do any good with 'em; if it was the Delawares, now, they're more like human critturs, an' mout be larn't some good, but to spare a Chippawa is only to put your head down an' ask him to skelp you."

"Well," said the colonel, abandoning the discussion, "how would you like, my boy, to come into the garrison and learn how to be a soldier?"

"Much 'bleeged," said the boy, "but I'd ruther not, sir; don't like to drill; saw the sargeant hit a man over the shoulders one day with his stick, 'cause he was a little out o' line. Ef 't had ha' been me I'd ha' knifed him. No, by the hokey! Lookee here, Tom says I shall have dad's long rifle as soon's I'm strong enough to handle it, an' then I'm a-goin' to jine Captain Jack's band."

"Very well; you may go now," said the colonel, with a half sigh, "but mind what I tell you; by the time you're as old as I am you'll find out that I am right and you wrong; that revenge never prospers in the long run."

"Thankee, sir," said Frank, pertly, "I reckon I'll try an' find it out."

And now we must leave the colonel, busy adding to his defences as much as possible, training his men with the assistance of Eli and Gordon, to the irregular service of the frontier, more

assiduously than ever—Hans Sguytel busily engaged in retailing Schnapps, &c.—Frank Lightfoot alternately practising with a bow and arrows, for want of better weapons, at birds and squirrels instead of "Injins," and scampering about the clearing and through the woods, mounted bare-backed upon the wildest colts in the settlement, for he could ride like a monkey—and Mr. Morton, with Philip and his friend, consulting as to what the first was to do in the new life he had begun—we must leave them for the present, and repair to Alexandria, where—

CHAPTER XIV.

On the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1755, his Excellency the General Edward Braddock was in a rage!

He had some reason for being in this particular frame of mind, for he had come all the way from England with two battalions of five hundred men each, to drive the French from Fort Duquesne, with the assistance of some three thousand Provincial troops, which he expected to find ready to join him on his arrival.

He had also expected to find supplies for the whole force ready, roads cut through the wilderness, and everything, in a wild, unsettled country, where a regular army had never been seen, prepared for a summer campaign on the European plan of tactics.

Instead of this, he found nothing—no forces gathered, except the Virginia recruits; no supplies, no money to procure them, no roads begun, no anything.

On this fourteenth day of April he had called at Alexandria a council of the Governors of Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and learned from that that the Assemblies of their respective Provinces had not only done nothing, but didn't mean to do anything, for the all-sufficient reason that they were unable to raise the necessary funds.

They unanimously recommended the next best thing, however; namely, that Parliament should find out some way of raising the funds themselves.

Consequently, the general was in a tremendous rage! Moreover, these provisional governors had the temerity to differ from his majesty's officer in regard to the plan of the campaign. They urged strongly that the first movement should be made from New York upon the French settlements in Canada, in preference to starting unprepared for a march of more than three hundred miles through a wild country swarming with enemies, who knew every foot of the ground, and were skilled in their own irregular warfare, of which Braddock, trained on the open ground of Europe, was profoundly ignorant.

To this he would not consent; first, because he was unable to see how, in the nature of things, it was possible for those unmilitary provincials to suggest anything of value to a British general—and secondly, because he had come to march straight upon Fort Duquesne, and he meant to do that and nothing else.

The council adjourned sine die, without having effected anything but the aforesaid disturbance of the general's equanimity.

Matters went on in this way for some time, the recruits coming in slowly, provisions coming in still more slowly, a large part of them fit for nothing but to be buried when they did arrive, Sir John St. Clair, the deputy quartermaster-general, storming through the country at the contractors, who had not yet begun the work that was to have been finished long before, and telling his mind to the Pennsylvania commissioners especially, in a way that brought on him a sharp rebuke from Braddock himself when his language was reported.

The general had, in the meantime, invited to join his staff a young Virginia planter, named George Washington, who had gained some distinction in former border wars for coolness and courage, and the invitation had been joyfully accepted. The young planter had been anxious to join the expedition, but had been deterred, by his knowledge of the contempt with which the provincial officers were regarded by those of the regular line, and he was unwilling to subject himself to the humiliations which he knew would be heaped upon him.

This invitation, however, secured him against this difficulty, as he would thus become one of the commander's family, serving without pay, and holding no separate command.

The Virginia recruits had been handed over to Ensign Allen, of the forty-fourth regiment, to be drilled, with orders from the general "to make them as like soldiers as possible."

The poor ensign had a terrible time of it at first. The men knew how to fight Indians; that they showed plainly enough, sometime afterwards; but they had very loose notions on the subject of pipe clay and "eyes right" and dressing in line. The last was a particularly difficult operation, owing to a tendency of the men at the extremities to push a little forward to see if the rest were standing straight, so that the "straight line" was very apt to result in a crescent, much to the indignation of the drill-master.

They had been used to acting independently, and it was hard for them to come down to being only parts of a huge machine, in which masses were everything, individuals nothing.

While Braddock was in this state of perplexity about his supplies, and particularly with regard to procuring teams, and was chafing at Fredericktown, whither he had removed, a plain, middle-aged man, with a placid, benevolent looking face, appeared at the general's quarters one day, for the purpose of making some arrangement with him for the conveyance of dispatches to and from the provincial government. This placid looking gentleman, with his quiet, but decided manner, was at the head of the colonial post-office department, and was named Benjamin Franklin.

Braddock was struck with his sagacity and strong common sense, and had frequent interviews with him. He had a quaint, dry way of saying things which embodied a great deal of meaning in *very few* words, and in the many conversations which Braddock held with him, gave him some very good advice which the general, as a matter of course didn't take. For it would have been a pretty thing indeed, if a British general, a pupil of the Duke of Cumberland, who had fought in Flanders and Spain, and been beaten at Fontenoy, should allow himself to be instructed in the management of a campaign by a provincial post-master!

So, when the post-master quietly suggested the possibility that his army, stretching out in a thin line of nearly four miles long, might be cut into half-a-dozen pieces like a thread by the Indians, who would be sure to be hovering near ready to strike, Braddock merely smiled at his ignorance, and informed him that it was impossible that they could make an impression upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, who would brush them aside as a horse would switch away flies.

"Do the flies *stay* switched away?" inquired the post-master, with placid dryness; "I am afraid you will find that they have stings and have turned into hornets, when they begin to buzz around you."

Braddock had occasion to remember these words afterwards; but at present, with his ignorance of the kind of work he came to do, he did not understand the full significance of the warning.

"Stings, sir!" he said; "we have stings, too; three-cornered ones, that pierce deep; ha! ha! I should like to see the column of half-naked savages that would stand a charge of bayonets by my grenadiers!"

"The Indians don't fight in column in this country," answered Dr. Franklin, dryly, "and never allow themselves to be impaled on bayonets if they can elude them—having their own uncultivated notions of courage—but if your excellency thinks that a scattered body of Indians is a routed one, you are laboring under a total misapprehension of their mode of warfare. They never fight on open ground, unless hemmed in, (and then they will fight desperately enough) they know nothing of and care as little for any regular system of tactics, but act independently, every man for himself, but every man is as cunning and active as a fox, and when they attack it is without warning. The first notice you will have of the presence of the enemy will probably be a shower of balls from the bushes in some defile through which the army will have to pass, and its ranks will melt down like snow before the sun, and with as little chance of resistance. I understand that Mr. Washington of Mount Vernon is on your staff. Let me entreat you, sir, to advise with him as to the plan of the expedition. He is a gentleman of excellent courage and nerve, but prudent and cautious far beyond his years; he has acquitted himself admirably in this kind of service heretofore, and understands it thoroughly. It will be well to listen to his suggestions and to those of the old border scouts who have passed their lives in this kind of service, and who, in all probability will flock to your standard."

"Mr. Franklin," said Braddock, coldly, "I thank you for your instructions, which are well meant; but you will allow me to say that after nearly fifty years of service, trained to it by the best soldier in Europe, I may be supposed to understand my business better than boys who have never seen anything more than a few skirmishes, or civilians who, though understanding their own business thoroughly, can hardly be expected to instruct me in mine. Tut, tut! man," he added, more cordially, "it would be a —— poor report of a British army, that they were defeated, or even checked in their march by as many of the painted scaramouches as the woods can hold."

"Of course," said Franklin, quietly, "it is not my place to teach an officer so experienced as your excellency his business, and I would only suggest, respectfully, whether contempt of an enemy, however apparently feeble, may not sometimes be a dangerous error."

"Hardly, in this case; but I'll tell you how you can help me. What the d—l am I to do for teams and roads for them and us to travel on? Here I've been for four or five weeks waiting for those infernal contractors, who make all sorts of promises, and do nothing. You have some influence with the people of Pennsylvania at least; try if you can't talk them, frighten them, shame them into furnishing me with supplies.

"Here's Maryland promised me twenty-five hundred horses, two hundred and fifty wagons, and eleven hundred head of cattle; and, now, a month after they should all have been in, they furnish about twenty wagons, two hundred horses and some utterly worthless provisions, and be d—d to them. So my commissary general reports to me.

"The governor here's a nincompoop, and can't do anything. I doubt if your governor is much better; and if *you* can't help me in this matter, I shall have no alternative but to turn St. Clair loose among them, and then they'll find they've got the devil to pay, in earnest."

"I think perhaps I can help you in Pennsylvania, sir," said Franklin; "it is a pity you had not landed there, where every farmer has his wagon, and appealed directly to them yourself, instead of trusting to the governor. If you will give me a written authority to hire such as may be wanted for the use of the army," added the cautious Man of Business, "I think I can engage to have them here in a fortnight."

The paper was immediately drawn up, authorizing Franklin to hire fifteen hundred saddle or pack horses, and one hundred and fifty wagons with four horses to each.

And he did it, and within the time.

He was a printer, and took a printer's plan. He had hand-bills printed and scattered far and wide, in which he reminded the people that "it was proposed to send an armed force immediately into the various counties to seize so many of the best carriages and horses as should be wanted, and compel as many persons into the service as should be necessary to drive and take care of them," and suggesting that the progress of a body of soldiers on such a service, exasperated as they were by the delay, "would be attended with many and great inconveniences to the inhabitants;" and wound up as follows:

"If this (his own) method of obtaining the wagons and horses is not likely to succeed, I am obliged to send word to the general in fourteen days; and I suppose *Sir John St. Clair, the hussar*, with a body of soldiers, will immediately enter the Province, of which I shall be sorry to hear, because, *I am very sincerely and truly, your friend and well-wisher.*

"B. FRANKLIN."

That word *hussar* did the business. The Germans particularly, who had settled in large numbers in Pennsylvania, entertaining a lively remembrance of the unceremonious dealings of the hussars of the Fatherland, from being the most remiss, set to work immediately, and contributed more than their share of the supplies.

At last, on the 31st of April, Braddock having sent the 45th regiment, under Colonel Dunbar, in advance, moved forward with the rest of the army, and after a march of twenty-seven days, reached Fort Cumberland, where he halted to await the arrival of the Indians who were expected to join him, and of the teams, many of which, though on the way, had not yet come in.

In the course of about three weeks more, the whole force, amounting to about two thousand men had arrived, including a detachment of sailors from the fleet, and some thirty Indian warriors with their families, such at least, as had families.

Among the latter was one of the chiefs named White Thunder, who had brought with him his daughter, a very pretty, soft-voiced and soft-eyed maiden who was designated as Bright Lightning.

This chief was also the father of the young Indian named Wild-Cat, whom Philip Morton had saved from bleeding to death, six months before, and whom I have mentioned, incidentally, two or three times in the course of my narrative.

Wild-Cat was also present, still in the hand of our old friend Storm-Cloud, who had come to offer his services to the great general.

I am afraid that the principal chiefs had come forward, rather to see if Braddock would not bid higher for their services than the "Oulouis," as they quaintly designated the French.

Indeed, I am afraid the Delawares, as a tribe, at least the branch of it to which these allies belonged, notwithstanding their high sounding claim, to be the "Lenni Lenape," the original people, the grandfathers of nations, the pure unmixed descendants of the race with which the earth was first populated, were not fully entitled to the high character for honesty and magnanimity claimed for them by the incomparable "Hawk-eye." Brave and high-spirited they were undoubtedly, but not more so, I suspect, than their conquerors, the tribes of the Six Nations, who held them in subjection and compelled them to accept the designation of "women;" a title, among all savage people, implying, as applied to men, the extreme of degradation.

Certain it is that some of them were, at the time of which I speak, in the service of the French, and there is reason to fear that some of those who had ostensibly joined the English, were at this very time in the pay of their enemies.

At any rate, it was beyond question, as the event showed, that they were only playing fast and loose with Braddock, for, I may as well state it here, when the army reached the melancholy last stage of its march, scarcely one of them was left but Diahausa and his band, consisting of but eight men, who were employed as scouts.

Something of this desertion, however, is due to the manner in which they were treated by Braddock and his officers.

With their contempt for anything but regular warfare, they could not appreciate the immense importance of securing such allies as these, and in their utter ignorance, which would tolerate no advice nor instruction, of the Indian character, the little effort they did make to retain their savage allies was misdirected, and the latter found themselves slighted, neglected and insulted at every turn. In the language of Scarroyaddi, one of the few who remained faithful to him, the whole catastrophe was chargeable to the pride and ignorance of the general.

"He is now dead," he said, about a month after the defeat, "but he was a bad man when he was alive; he looked upon us as dogs, and would never hear anything that was said to him. We often endeavored to advise him and to tell him of the danger he was in with his soldiers; but he never appeared pleased with us; and that was the reason that a great many of our warriors left him and would not be under his command."

There was another cause of difficulty which, perhaps, produced as much ill blood as the general's treatment of the men.

I have already mentioned that those who had families had brought them with them to the camp, as it was impossible to leave them during their absence without any means of support. Among them were of course a good many girls and women, who were nothing loth to receive the attentions of the younger officers, particularly when these attentions took the shape of liberal presents.

Of the younger women Bright Lightning was the principal attraction, both on account of her actual beauty, at least in the absence of any white women, except some of the sutlers, who were not dangerously endowed with "the fatal gift," and on account of her supposed rank as a kind of princess, she being the daughter of a chief.

It was a new sensation to the young officers in the camp, this making love to and with the unsophisticated forest maidens, and matters soon went so far as to provoke daily and often furious quarrels with the Indians, not only with the young men, who, high tempered and jealous, were naturally not at all disposed to look on tamely, but with the more staid and grave elders, who were no more disposed to allow their daughters to become the playthings to be cast off when they were tired of them, of the dissolute young Saggenah, of whose reckless licentiousness they had some experience in former times.

Naturally, therefore, they interfered promptly, when these saw the danger to which they were subjected in the unrestrained flirtations that were going on.

The matter was brought to a culmination by Storm-Cloud, to whom this same Bright Lightning had been betrothed, after the Indian fashion. The girl had a strong spice of coquetry in her nature, was flattered by the attentions of a handsome fellow, one of Braddock's aids, and took no pains to conceal it.

They were sitting together one day on the bank of a little stream near the camp, but far enough within the forest to be safe from observation, at least in that direction, and the girl was listening with downcast eyes to the dangerous and seductive music the Englishman was pouring into her ear, when suddenly Diahausa, with a lowering brow, his black eyes flashing, stood before them. Both started to their feet, the girl standing with her head bent forward and her hands crossed meekly on her bosom. The officer's hand instinctively fastened on his sword hilt, and the two young men for a moment confronted each other without speaking. At last the white man broke forth, "What do you mean, you red-skinned cur, by intruding on my privacy in this manner? Begone this instant, or I'll have you tied up to the halberds and flogged!"

"Saggenah," said Diahausa, calmly, though his brow knitted and his black eyes glittered with a hotter fire, as he heard the threat, "the man who has a blow laid upon a son of the Great Unamis will never see the sun rise again. Go," he added, waving his hand towards the camp, "my white brother is foolish; he thinks the Delawares are dogs; he will find them men; the home of the Bright Lightning is in the heart of the Storm Cloud. Go; my brother's path is open to the camp; the woman will go with me to her father."

As Diahausa concluded, he laid his hand on the girl's arm, who half turned, silently, to follow him.

The Englishman, however, not at all fancying being disposed of in this very cavalier way, now sprang between them, drawing his sword as he did so, shoving off the Indian, and ordering him, with an oath (without which, it was next to impossible for a soldier, in those palmy days, to utter five consecutive words) to stand back and be off to his kennel, or he would run him through, bringing his sword point to the "thrust" and making a half pass at the broad, naked chest before him to add force to his words.

He never did a more foolish thing. Before he could recover his sword it was seized near the hilt, and the slender blade was snapped like a pipe stem. The next instant he was whirled off his feet, and found himself lying at full length on his back in the shallow stream on the bank of which he had been so pleasantly engaged only a few moments before.

By the time he had coughed and spluttered out of the water, which had splashed into his mouth and nostrils and half drowned him, and had recovered his feet, his assailant, followed meekly by the girl, had disappeared among the bushes.

Not wishing to encounter the raillery of the other officers, by appearing among them in his dripping clothes, the discomfited gallant walked about until dark to dry them, and then repaired to the general's tent and made his complaint, giving, of course, his own version of the matter, and requested him to have Diahausa flogged and expelled the camp.

Braddock, however, who had seen a little of what was going on among his officers, and had heard a good deal of complaint from the old chiefs, postponed the matter till the next morning, when he gave the parties a hearing.

It did not take long to satisfy him as to the true state of the case, and turning to Diahausa, he said—

"You're a brave fellow, and did right. I wish all the others were like you, and I should then have none of this trouble. I'll take care it don't occur again. As for you, sir," to the officer—"you got less than you deserved. Give up your sword and consider yourself under arrest. If you pursue this matter in any way, I'll break you. And, now, gentlemen, I wish it understood, that I'll break any officer of whom I hear a similar complaint hereafter."

The next morning a general order was issued, forbidding any of the Indian women to come within the lines; and soon after, by the advice of Colonel Innes, the governor of Fort Cumberland, the chiefs were directed to remove their families to a place of safety, on the Susquehanna. They all left for this purpose but Scarowadi and Diahausa and his band, who were retained as scouts, and utterly disgusted with what they had seen of the English, not only never returned, but sent belts to their friends on the Susquehanna, warning them to keep away lest they should be mistaken for allies of the French.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Residence of Jay Cooke.

The residence of Jay Cooke, the banker, is situated on Chelton Hills, eight miles from Philadelphia, and is built in the French style, with steep slate roofs and massive plastered chimneys. It is now quite finished, exteriorly, and will contain fifty bed-chambers, a chapel, a gymnasium, a library, and all accessories to the palatial home of a Christian banker. Its dimensions probably exceed those of any private residence on the continent. It is pierced with about eighty great windows, and has within it a spacious court yard. There is a porch in front of Pennsylvania granite, capped with a shield and monogram, and the rear, which faces the celebrated rural drive called the "Serpentine," is two-faced, terminating in a grand balcony, and in a bay window, the latter of itself large as a dwelling-house. The grounds, which make the crest and slopes of a tall hill, are already set out with evergreens and silvery foliages, and an elderly and memorial wood stretches to the front, up the sides of a steep precipice, at the front of which runs a pastoral stream, debouching into fish ponds and dropping into waterfalls. The house is a marvel to the Quaker people around it, and as an architectural enterprize for America, rivals Cologne Cathedral (!). It is said that half a million of dollars will be expended in it. Mr. Cooke, whose origin was quite humble, has always been noted for his humane and republican virtues. He owns a church near his house, on the old York Road, and his present ambition is to have a national day of fasting and gifts-offerings set apart, whereon all the rich people of the country shall subscribe to a tremendous charitable fund. An Episcopal Theological Seminary, it is said, will soon be established on Chelton Hills, and to it he will give twenty acres of ground and $500,000. —*N. Y. Citizen.*

☞ When Voltaire was ordered by the Senators of Geneva to quit the dominions of the little Republic in twenty-four hours, the incorrigible scoffer at all things, venerable and sacred, replied, "Magnificent sirs, it only requires three minutes."

☞ A correspondent informs a Portland paper that a few days since a steamer on her passage from that city to this port, after passing a certain point, shaped her course by the compass as usual, when it was found that she was going astray by the compass not indicating the proper course, although the compass was of the best kind and had never before failed them. Two or three of the officers of the boat and a young lady were in the pilot house. Search was made for iron, which might have been carelessly placed near there, as the cause of the difficulty, and the whole matter was at once solved by the withdrawal of the lady, when the compass assumed its proper position.

☞ At the time of the threatened invasion of Scotland by the French, the laird of Logan was taunted at a meeting at Ayr with a want of loyal spirit at Cumnock, as no volunteers had been raised there. Cumnock is on a high station, ten or twelve miles from the coast. "What sort of people are you, up at Cumnock?" said an Ayr gentleman, "you have not a single volunteer." "Never you heed," said Logan quickly, "if the French land at Ayr, there will soon be *plenty of volunteers up at Cumnock!*"

☞ KANSAS MARBLE.—The marble beds in Kansas are immense. It is reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet below the surface throughout a large extent of country.

☞ MONEY.—Be careful in remitting money. Send no counterfeit, torn or mutilated fractional currency or bank notes. Send either greenbacks, the bills of National banks, or post-office orders.

☞ The aphorism "Know thyself," is soon spoken, but one is a long time in obeying it; a philosopher was placed among the seven *wise* men of Greece, for having been the author of the maxim; but *never* was *any* one placed there for having performed it.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Mrs. A. Allen, of Smyrna, Del., writes, under date of April 15th:—

"The Sewing Machine has reached us, and I am pleased to say it is all that it was recommended to be, gives perfect satisfaction, and I hope you may be as well rewarded for your trouble as I have been for mine."

Mrs. F. A. Dean, of Hudson, Michigan, writes, under date of April 20th:—

"Since writing to you, my Machine has come, for which you will please accept my sincere thanks. The Machine exceeds my expectations very much. Your Magazine and papers give excellent satisfaction as far as I can ascertain."

QUICK WORK.—A young lady stepped into our office the other day, who had raised a club of thirty and seventy-five dollars, and thus entitled herself to a $55 Sewing Machine, in a little over a week's time. We think $55 is pretty good pay for a week's work. And hundreds of other ladies could do the same if they simply chose to exert themselves a little.

☞ Sydney Smith, in writing to a friend, said, "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins—would they were once removed."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS IN SUNSHINE AND FIRELIGHT. By JOHN JAMES PIATT, Cincinnati, R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is the pleasantly suggestive title of an unpretentious, but unusually neat looking volume of poems, which comes to us from the west—a section of country which has heretofore been somewhat sparing in its contributions to the poetical literature of the land; so sparing, indeed, that we owe to something like surprise at the remarkably tasteful exterior of the volume in question. And happy is the author of a prepossessingly-bound book, when, as in this case, the interior thereof keeps the promise of the outside.

Mr. Piatt is not a mere literary tyro—this is not his first venture in the field of publication. His brain must needs be fertile and his hand diligent, to have produced, within so few years, so many really fine poems. None of these have been very long—but they are none the worse for their brevity. There are some things besides pie-crust which are all the better for being short. For ourselves we confess that we never could and never did manage the whole of "The Lady of the Lake."

Mr. Piatt does not to any extent indulge in those extravagant flights of the imagination which are supposed to be the delight of the poetical genius; he has rather the rarer and sweeter gift of perceiving with a loving and appreciative eye the beautiful which already exists, in-doors and out—"in sunshine and firelight."

We have neither time nor space now to give an extended review of the book—such as it deserves, and will doubtless receive at the hands of some lover of song who recognizes genuine poetry when he sees and hears it. We can only briefly note some few sparkles which have caught our attention, in a necessarily hurried leaf-turning of half an hour. There is a fine bit of autumnal painting in a brief poem called "Sundown," commencing—

"While stealthy breezes kiss to frosty gold
The swells of foliage down the vale serene,
And all the sunset fills
The dreamland of the hills—"

which could hardly be made more vivid by brush and pigments;

"The cattle, lingering slow through river lanes,
Brush yellowing vines that swing through elm-trees down—"

and a little farther on—

"The forests, climbing up the northern air,
Wear far an azure slumber through the light—"

Is not this full of the spirit of October? And if anything were wanting to complete the vision of repose, here follows the crowning suggestion:

"On many a silent circle slowly blown,
The hawk, in sun-flushed calm, suspended high,
With careless trust of might
Slides wing-wide through the light—
Now golden in the restless dazzle shown,
Now drooping down, now swinging up the sky."

Not less rich in descriptive lines is "King's Tavern,"—a simple reminiscence of a ruinous and deserted roadside inn:

"Half a mile before you pass it, half a mile
when you are gone,
Like a ghost it comes to meet you, ghost-like
still it follows on."

Every person who has passed a deserted house will recognize the sensation described in these two lines—a sensation which is sometimes accompanied by cold shivers running down from the back of the neck. The bar-room is mildewed and windowless and weed-grown, and

"—within, in damp and silence, gleams the
lizard on the floor—
Through the roof the drear Novembers trickle
down the midnight slow—
In the summer's warping sunshine, green with
moss the shingles grow."

Yet nature does her best to console the neglected and dismantled walls—

"In Maying wind the locust, sifting sunny blossoms, snows,
And the rose-vine still remembers some dear face that loved the rose—
Climbing up a southern casement, looking in neglected air,
And in golden honey-weather, careful bees are humming there."

We wish we had time to quote entire a poem called "Outgoing"—so full is it of summer, of rest, of the sweet longing which draws a warm, domestic heart toward home and love, after only a day's absence among alien scenes—but there is neither time nor room for the whole, and mutilation would spoil the picture. In making these hasty extracts, we have in no wise done justice to the book or to its author;—in fact, we might go on and on, quoting beautiful lines and fine conceits—but we must content ourselves with advising poetry-lovers to read for themselves; feeling sure, as we have always done, that how fine soever may be the poems which Mr. Piatt has already written, he is destined to reach a still more enviable height of excellence in the time to come. FLORENCE PERCY.

☞ "What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

☞ On reading in the papers that gold *was falling* in Wall street, Mrs. Partington started for New York, hoping to pick up a little.

☞ The question whether a writer of fiction has a right to draw his characters directly from the life, has lately been decided against one of the number in France—M. Ponson du Terrail, who had to pay a fine of one thousand francs for showing up his landlord in one of his novels, under the name of Grapillard. M. du Terrail must be a clumsy workman, or his landlord a very marked character, otherwise he might easily, we think, have entered the Wellerian plea of "a halibi."

☞ A man in Michigan, the other day, sold his wife for seven dollars and five pounds of maple sugar, taking a note for the money.

☞ A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service—"Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

☞ Ice.—As people are a little timid about travelling on the ice at times, we give the capacity of the ice, furnished by the United States Ordnance Department, which is correct. Ice two inches thick will bear infantry; four inches, cavalry with light guns; six inches, heavy field guns; and eight inches, the heaviest siege guns with 1,000 pounds weight to a square inch.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A BEAUTIFUL FURY—A FRIEND IN NEED—A PEOPLED DESERT—SAN CARLOS—MUD LARKS—A SAILOR ACQUAINTANCE—SURPRISE—CONFUSION—UNION—HAPPINESS.

Edith Bond, our Baltimore *bon compagnon*, was, in her twenty-third year, as magnificently beautiful as any houri that Persian poet ever pictured in his glowing dreams of Oriental paradise.

In the three years of intimate companionship, we had sometimes seen Edith excited—animated and enthusiastic she was always. But when we first saw her in a fit of wild, ungovernable rage—raving, furious with passion, every feature of her lovely face changed, distorted, until she looked a very Medusa, we were dumbfounded, actually horror struck.

Our party had been temporarily separated into four divisions, for the purpose of a more thorough investigation of the interior of the island; the one with which Dr. Bond and his sister remained, consisting of twelve persons in all, among whom were Senor and Senora Montiero, Cator, our Swedish weed hunter, Cosmo and wife, and Don Manuel De Castro. Then there was Frank White, our handsome young Buffalonian, his pretty, brown, black-eyed Chilena girl-wife, Donna Annacita, and lastly, our irrepressible, inimitable Canada-West *voyageur*, Tusant Masonville.

Our section were about to set out from the eastern-shore homes of our ex-whaler friends, on a visit to San Carlos, the only considerable town on the island of Chiloe, and situated in the interior, rather nearer the Pacific than the Gulf shore.

We had had breakfast, our horses were out, saddled and caparisoned in waiting, and sallying forth to mount and ride we saw Edith Bond, quite alone, some two hundred yards from the house, not a living thing near her, stamping the ground, gesticulating furiously, and her beautiful features so distorted with rage, that but for the graceful Albanian jacket of blue velvet, tastefully turned up with silver lace, jaunty Cordovian hat, with its white and orange plumes, and the belt of gilded leather about her waist, we should never have recognized the fury before us as the gentle, amiable Edith Bond.

"What is it, sister Edith, darling?" cried the doctor, clasping, or attempting to clasp the wild, frantic girl in his arms.

Edith flung her brother, a stout, muscular man, reeling back from her as if he had been but a child's toy, and then glaring around upon our little party, with a look of defiant contempt, the girl exclaimed passionately:

"Infamy—wrong—*woman* always the slave. Man ever the hateful tyrant!"

In heaven's name, my sister, what is it?" the doctor pleaded.

Edith held out her arms, every trace of passion passed like a flash from her lovely features, and in a breath she was our beautiful angel, Edith again.

"Edward, dear brother, pardon. Minnie, my sister, my dear friends, forgive me, I pray you. I was mad I think, and with much cause. You all know my own and Minnie's favorite and darling pet Chilean sister, the young, rich, good and lovely Estrella Marsden, widow of the American captain?

"Well, here is a fine sample of *South American Civilization*. They are trying to sacrifice Estrella, her relatives and the priests. The first are using all means to compel her to marry that horrid old Spanish ogre, Antonio Marias Fonseca, whom she hates. The priests are preparing to seize upon and appropriate to the church all her wealth, under some old, infamous Jesuit rule that confiscates all her property to the church if Donna Estrella passes her twenty-fifth year unmarried, although it is known that her having been married breaks that claim. But the cunning priests say her marriage with a heretic was not legal. There are but three months between this and Donna Estrella's twenty-fifth birthday, and unless we interfere and save her one way or the other, our beautiful pet will be sacrificed. I had just received and read a note from Estrella, so eloquently pleading, so fraught with despair and mental torture, what wonder I was raving mad? It would have provoked an angel."

"But what can we do, my dear sister?"

"Do, Edward Bond? Do you ask that question seriously, brother? We can do anything, everything. Save Donna Estrella from that old baboon, save her and her wealth from these plundering priests."

"But how are we to do it, Edith?"

"Ah, brother; that is what I am conjuring at and have not quite decided. But there is time enough. You and our party go on your way to San Carlos. Leave me here to counsel and consult with Estrella. If no other way shall be found, our persecuted pet must come with us, and our rifles and revolvers shall protect her!"

"*Vive la—la—je ne sais quoi—la belle Edith!*" shouted Tusant Masonville in raptures, *pirouetting* like a court dancing master. Then adding in his best English:

"Eh—a—ha—I myself shall some assist Ma'mselle Edith. So I shall go not with the companee, if Ma'mselle Edith shall permit my little service?"

"Certainly, with great pleasure, Mons. Masonville," Edith said frankly. "You can aid me, and between us we shall accomplish the overthrow of these enemies of Donna Estrella."

So the matter was speedily arranged. Edith was to remain with our Chiloe American friends, to watch over the interest of the beleaguered widow, whose residence was two leagues distant; Tusant Masonville remained as a sort of scout, courier, and aid-de-camp—he was perfect in all those roles, and in a little time the remaining ten of us were in saddle, and galloping away towards San Carlos.

Next to a barren waste of sand, destitute of animal or vegetable life, a stretch of territory like that which we traversed between Valverde and San Carlos, a distance of about seventeen leagues, is the most barren of interest. At three or four leagues from the gulf coast we passed beyond the energizing influence of foreign enterprize, coming to Chiloe proper, as it is, always has been, and ever will be, until the indolent, unthrifty race now inhabiting it shall have been replaced by one with intelligence sufficient to comprehend that such an Eden land was given to man for a higher purpose than that of a mere animal existence, dragging out a life of absolute heathenism, but a single step elevated above the brute creation, and dying as ignorant and regardless of the future.

Everywhere, on either hand, an open, gently undulating country, its brilliant green carpet of luxuriant herbage, flecked far and near with white herds of sheep, dotted with horned cattle and horses, in sleek idleness; dwellings plentiful enough—low, one storied, two roomed, miserable hovels, constructed of *adobe*, or wicker work, woven like a great basket of brushwood, plastered with mud, with bark, raw hides, and infrequently rude earthen tiles for roofing, windowless, hides hung up serving for doors—within floorless, filthy, and cheerless enough.

Only at long distances apart was the soil anywhere broken in cultivation—no gardens, no fruits or flowers—not one of all the comforts, conveniences and requirements of civilized life, the people living in utter ignorance, idleness and indifference of a better life, subsisting mainly on beef, mutton, poultry and eggs, and bartering hides, wool, and occasionally tallow with the coast dealers for such other material as their few wants demand.

Such is a just picture of Chiloe and Chiloans as a rule throughout the island, wherever one penetrates within the coast belt of semi-civilization, which is no where more than a few miles in breadth. And yet, low as the standard is, there are redeeming traits of character every where prevalent that these people ought to have full credit for. No where on earth will the stranger find a more hospitable feeling, or meet a warmer welcome. No where will the needy or famishing wanderer find hearts more kind, or hands more ready to afford relief and comfort. Such are some of the contradictions of South American Civilization, not only in Chiloe, but throughout Spanish South America.

If ever the term "*mud lark*" was, or can be properly applied to humanity, it may with perfect propriety be fixed to the inhabitants of San Carlos, Chiloe's nominal capital. Situated on a gentle elevation, but built around a natural shallow earthen dish, in an irregular, straggling, Spanish fashion, no paved streets, side walks, no sewers or drains, the soil a dark loamy clay, readily changed into a tenacious mud by every slight rain, and in the rainy season San Carlos is a sea of mud, and its 5,000 inhabitants are literally *mud larks*. With the exceptions of four tolerably respectable churches, a provincial "*palace*," and a few stores and public buildings, the character of buildings are little better than those of the *campo*, the standard of humanity nothing superior, and city and citizens altogether deserving of no more history than a single paragraph.

A five days' experience satisfied us that any out-door portion of Chiloe was far preferable to the comforts of San Carlos, and bidding the capital mud-hole *adios* in disgust, we left it early on the sixth morning, intending to retrace our course directly to Valverde.

We were accompanied by the commander of an American bark that was lying in one of the little bays on the Pacific coast, and he was going across to Valverde, and politely asked permission to ride in company with us. He was a handsome, fine-eyed young man—a good deal browned by sun and storm—Harry Marsden—as he frankly introduced himself—a New Bedforder born, twenty-eight years old—in his boyhood a whaler—now captain and principal owner of a beautiful American bark, and within an hour he had told us his "life yarn," in a frank, off hand way, and so romantic and full of thrilling interest, that it claimed all our attention.

Ten years previously, in a whale ship lying near Valverde, in the Gulf of Guaiteca, it had been his good fortune to save from drowning, and a more terrible death by ravenous sharks, a lovely Chiloan girl, in her fifteenth year, and the natural result was a mutual love. The girl's parents were rich, and willing enough that the young sailor should marry their only child and pet darling, provided he would remain with them in Chiloe. But they were only children, and so the terms were made that Harry should perform the whaling voyage, then return to Valverde, and both remaining of the same mind, they were to be wedded.

Two years later, Walter Marsden, brother to Harry and two years his senior, came to Valverde with the intelligence that his brother had been lost among the South Sea islands with a boat's crew, who, fastening to a sperm whale, had been towed away among the islands, and never heard from afterwards.

The blow was a severe one to the poor girl; but she was only a child, and Walter Marsden remained at Valverde, comforting and then courting, and finally persuaded by her parents, she became his wife, though always declaring she could never love any other than her lost Harry. And there was her lost Harry—never lost at all; returned after ten years of exile, having learned that his brother was dead, and with us riding towards Valverde, and—well, it began to be apparent that there was a very pleasant path out of all her trouble about to be opened for the beautiful, rich, and amiable Donna Estrella.

At about seven leagues from Valverde, at near sunset, we met Edith Bond, Donna Estrella, and the indomitable Tusant, their horses reeking and flecked with foam, dashing on like the wind, and close in their rear came first three vagabond priests, followed by the old Spanish ape, Antonio Marias Fonseca, and a dozen of Donna Estrella's kinsfolk, driving headlong on to capture and carry back to her fate the fugitive victim.

First, there was a brief, glad greeting between the handsome captain and lovely widow, then a front-face—present arms—by our party, so sudden and resolute that half the horses of the headlong pursuers were hurled backwards on their riders, rolling over and over in the road, all in fright and utter confusion. It was lucky for some of the rascals that O'Harra and his fire-brand Kate were not of our party. There would have been lives lost.

From Edith we learned that Estrella's relatives, suspecting interference, had hurried her to the altar to wed Don Antonio, but that our Canadian *voyageur* had gallantly plucked her from their grasp, swung her to the saddle, and they were flying to San Carlos to seek our protection. Edith concluded, with her cheeks pale, and white teeth firmly set:

"At the worst, if they had quite overtaken us—we had more than thirty shots in our revolvers. It is better as it is. Thank God!"

There was no need for violence. We were too formidable in arms and numbers; besides, nearly every one of Estrella's relatives deserted Don Antonio, the shrivelled, ugly old ape, declaring cheerfully for the handsome sailor so soon as they learned that it was Harry Marsden, Estrella's first love, and the hopes of priests and don were alike extinguished.

Having arrived at Valverde, we found the majority of our party returned, and three days later Captain Harry Marsden became the happy husband of his long lost *Estrella*—as lovely a star as ever shone in any sky, and the legal possessor of as valuable an estate as there was on the island of Chiloe.

Captain Marsden had sent a messenger across the island with orders for his mate to bring his ship round to Valverde; and upon her arrival, he said to us:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is as lovely a clipping craft as ever floated. She is at your service, *free*, to carry you round the world, if you will—only permit my bright southern star and myself to become your companions."

A vote of thanks was passed by acclamation, and the captain's generous offer accepted—only that we were not to make a voyage round the world, and we stipulated that all the expenses of the ship should be borne by ourselves.

The Oldest Man in the World.

Joseph Crele, probably the oldest man in the world, died, after a brief illness, at the residence of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Brisbois, in Caledonia, Wisconsin, on the 27th of January last, at the age of one hundred and forty-one years. Twice three score and ten years may be called a ripe old age. He attained an age greater by twenty years than that enjoyed by the next oldest man of modern times, Jean Claude Jacob, a member of the French National Assembly, who was called the "Dean of the human species," and who died at the age of one hundred and twenty-one. This man bore arms at Braddock's defeat, was an old man when Jackson defeated Pakenham at New Orleans, venerable when Taylor whipped Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and yet was not too old to rejoice when Lee surrendered to Grant.

Joseph Crele was born of French parents in what is now Detroit, but which was then only an Indian trading station, in 1725. The record of his baptism in the Catholic church of that city establishes this fact beyond a doubt. He was a resident of Wisconsin for about a century, and was the oldest citizen in that state beyond any dispute. Whenever the oldest citizen was alluded to, every Wisconsonian declared Joseph Crele was the man meant. He was first married in New Orleans in 1753, having grown to be a bachelor of thirty. A few years after his marriage he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary war, he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. A few years ago he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court of Wisconsin, in a case involving the title to certain real estate in Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired eighty years before, and many years before the litigants were dreamt of.

For some years past he had resided at Caledonia with a daughter by his third wife. This child was a little over seventy years of age a couple of years ago, but we do not know whether she survives her father or not. He was sixty-nine when she was born. Up to 1864 Mr. Crele was as hale and hearty as most men of seventy. He could walk several miles without fatigue, and was frequently in the habit of chopping wood for the family use. He went to all elections, and voted for Washington. He had no bad habits, except that he was an inveterate smoker; but this is not considered among the small vices in the land of Grant and Sherman. In person he was rather above the medium height, spare in flesh, but showing evidences of having been in his prime—a century or so before—a man of sinewy strength. Of late years a haunting sense of loneliness overwhelmed and seemed to sadden him. The only weakness of mind which he ever betrayed was in the last year or two of his existence, when he frequently remarked, with a startling air of sadness, that he feared that perhaps "Death had forgotten him;" but he would always add, with more cheerfulness, that he felt sure "God had not."—*Historical Magazine.*

HOW TO TAME LIONS.—A Paris letter gives an amusing account of the method adopted by Batty in taming lions:—"He gets a lion and keeps him in a state of starvation for four days; and when the beast is in the extremity of hunger, he throws him a Hungarian jacket—a regular full-dress Magyar costume, with lots of frog, embroidery, and buttons. The starving lion rushes at it, tears it and worries it, and finally bolts it. Then comes indigestion; and then, when the king of the forest has headache, heartburn, and is generally shaky and seedy, Batty appears in another Hungarian costume, just like the *indigesta moles;* and Leo shakes his head, and turns tail. From that moment he is a conquered lion, and learns to lick the hand which beats him."

SILK IN LYONS.—The town of Lyons consumes annually about 1,000,000 kilogrammes (about £2,000,000) of silk prepared or spun in different ways. It takes four cocoons to weigh a gramme of silk, the Lyonnese consumption amounts to 4,200,000,000 cocoons; counting the length of a thread of cocoon equal to 500 metres, the amount annually spun by the Lyonnese industry would make, altogether, a thread of silk 2,100,000,000 kilomètres (210,000,000,000 yards) long, or more than 14 times the distance of the earth from the sun, and 5,494 times that of the moon from us. It would pass round the earth at the equator 52,505 times, and 200,000 times round the circumference of the moon.

STEALING A BEEHIVE.—A man stole a beehive, that was rented out and full of bees, in this city, a few days ago, but made a miss of his job. He was very badly stung. We learn that he is in a dangerous condition. Prosecution will not be entered against him, the opinion of the owner of the bees being that he has suffered enough. The thief in this case allows that the carrying off of red hot stoves would come considerably cheaper. With a tin apron and a pair of tin mittens the removal of a hot stove is practicable; the carrying away of a beehive, with every room occupied by a family of bees, is shown to be rather more hazardous than profitable.

MAHOMETAN BELIEF.—The Mahometans believe that some of all religions are saved, and that, at the day of judgment, there shall be erected a fourth banner for such to resort to, who never heard of Moses, Jesus, or Mahomet. "Assuredly (they argue) there is no malice in the Omnipotent, and He will not damn men for their involuntary ignorance of His revealed laws, provided they live up to the genuine dictates of Nature and Reason, which are the truest standards of virtue and positive religion."

☞ M. Von Grumpesh, a European savant, has broached a new theory relative to the shape of the earth. He believes that it has not the figure of an orange, but of a lemon. Well, most people find it more sour than sweet.

The Lady's Dresses.

An English "victim of fashion," calls the earnest attention of the *Times* to the present inordinate length of ladies dresses, whereby a man is prevented from entering a drawing-room with that dignity and upright bearing befitting a lord of the creation. Unless he scuffs his feet along like a snow-clearing machine in the front of a locomotive, he will inevitably tread on his wife's skirt, and as for approximating the extended hand of his hostess, he could not do it without a pair of tongs, for half an acre of silk or satin is between them. "The Victim" adds that the difficulties of getting down-stairs to dinner are so much increased by the long skirts and the spiked banisters, that he suggests that the gentlemen should be treated like cattle, and not suffered to move about; if they were placed for instance at the dinner-table with their feet out of harm's way, lace would not be torn and tempers would not be ruffled.

Local Insensibility.

A rapid and efficient means of producing local anæsthesia, and one free from any of the constitutional risks attending the administration of chloroform, is a boon of great price. Dr. B. W. Richardson effects this result by dividing on the skin a finely divided spray of pure ether, using an ingenious modification of the spray tubes, lately much in vogue as toys for diffusing perfumes. A rapid blanching of the skin, and insensibility to pain, follow in from about thirty seconds to two minutes. Upwards of a hundred operations have within the last few weeks been painlessly conducted under this method. It is only likely to be generally useful for superficial operations; but these are so often undergone at the cost of great terror and anguish, through dread of the risks of chloroform, that the value of this invention must be very great.

THE EAST WIND.

What's the soft south-wester?
'Tis the ladies breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas;
But the black north-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Sends our hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

☞ ADVERTISING IN CHINA.—Their manner of advertising is very striking. The streets are mostly narrow, and from the upper part of the houses hang long strips of wood at right angles, setting forth in large letters, and with quaint devices, the trade of shoemaker, optician, or what else. These boards, which appear to be about three feet wide, are the whole height of a moderately tall house, and as each tradesman vies with the other in setting forth his claim upon public attention, by the gaudiness of his colored advertisement, the effect is like that of a town hung with flags on a gala day.

☞ THEATRES IN CHINA.—A Chinese theatre seems to be a very droll affair; there are no reserved seats, but those who wish for the best places climb up into the rude scaffolding. Plays must be very popular, for they are going on all day. A ticket qualifies the holder to stay two hours, but it appears it is difficult at times to get rid of the spectators, who try to remain surreptitiously for the next performance. To expedite their retreat the manager has contrived a sort of fire-engine, which deluges with streams of water those who dishonestly lag behind.

☞ COFFEE.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that pure "essence of coffee" is now made in that city out of the "cheapest, dirtiest molasses," which is boiled until it ropes, cooled in pans, and when hard, broken up and pulverized. Ground rye is then mixed with it, after which it is boxed up, each box being sold at eighty cents, and labelled "pure essence of coffee."

☞ A BEAUTY.—According to a Paris paper, the following placard is to be seen stuck up outside a new house: "A young Caffre girl to be seen within. She is admirable both for the elegance of her movements and her ferocity. She belongs to that African family which is savage, and insensible to the charms of love."

☞ A GERMAN BED.—The elaborate construction of that edifice of housewifery called a "pet" here, and which we are expected to sleep upon, can only be understood when you have to undermine and dismantle it night after night, to arrive at a reasonable flat surface on which to recline. First you take off a great fluff bag, at least two feet thick, then a counterpane, and then a brilliant scarlet blanket; next you extract one enormous pillow, and a huge wedge-shaped bolster—all, it appears, requisite for the Teutonic race, who yet could surely put themselves to sleep at an angle of forty-five degrees, without all this trouble, by merely tilting up the end of a flat bedstead.—*A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe.*

☞ MARRIED.—The widow of Rev. T. Starr King was married in New York, recently, to Mr. Norris, a rich steamboat man of San Francisco.

☞ A very funny man in Greenfield, Massachusetts, signally failed once in the description of a book he put up in selling a library at auction. He hadn't read very much in books, Robbins hadn't, but scanned the titles, trusting to luck, and went ahead: "Here you have Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, how much am I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, an' what they done after they landed? Here's a picter of one of 'm going about Plymouth peddlin', with a pack on his back."

☞ Gordon Cummings, the lion hunter, is dead.

☞ FORTUNE.—Fortune plays some queer pranks. One occurred to a poor widow woman who did washing for a living, in Pithole. She owned a small piece of ground, and some friends got her consent to sink a well upon it, the result of which is a barrel of oil every ten minutes. She has had several offers of matrimonial engagement from disinterested parties since.

☞ It is reported that ex-Senator Gwinn lately had a narrow escape from death. While writing in his room at one of the New Orleans forts, a leaf of his manuscript flew off, and Dr. Gwinn started after it upon the run, forgetting the sentinel upon duty. The negro drew his musket upon him and pulled the trigger, but fortunately the cap failed to explode. Had the musket gone off, that would have been the end of the ex-Senator.

A WOMAN'S FANCY.

O, my beloved—a Summer isle,
Surrounded by a troubled sea,
Where bright birds sing and blossoms smile,
I sometimes think I am to thee.
Thou lovest me, therefore dost thou deem
The whole world's idol I must be—
My death would wake thee from thy dream,
And thou wouldst learn its thoughts of me.

Thou'lt hear it say I was a bird
That came too early in the Spring,
That scarcely had my song been heard
Ere death had clipped my daring wing;
That had I waited for the May,
And brought the roses when I came,
I might have sung a lovelier lay
And won a more enduring fame.

And some will say I was a flower,
Won by the warm, deceitful rain
To burst in bloom, and ere an hour
Went shrinking back to earth again:
And that a zephyr hurrying past
Caught the faint fragrance on its wing,
But hunted by the Northern blast,
It fled from earth a perished thing.

With thee, my dearest, in thy heart
My best memorial shall be;
Thou'lt judge me not by worldly art,
But what my life hath been to thee.
Why let the thought of praise or blame
Steal to my couch to break my rest?
Why should a woman care for fame?
Her world's the heart that loves her best!

At Home.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZIG.

Did you ever come back home to stay for good and all, after you had been away years and years? Tiresome, toilful years, when you worked without rest, sometimes without hope, and on a sudden it all brightened up, and you escaped out forever, away from the black smoke, the dirt, the meanness, the noise, and went—*home!* And did you come home to a House Beautiful, like mine? I will tell you about it. I told you once what my dream of a home was. Well, my real house is very like my dream-house, only ten times more lovely. You remember my dream-house was on a sunny hillside, by the bank of a river. So my real house. It is on the bank of the Ohio river, on the sunniest hillside—if you could but see it! There is a bay window looking westward, and every evening of my life, when it isn't clouded and rainy, I sit at that window and watch the divine sunset, glinting across the water and glowing over the western hilltops. Oh! you've no idea how unspeakably beautiful it is! So beautiful that, every evening, just as I said to you once before, there comes into my mind that passage of Revelations:—"And I saw Heaven opened." For Heaven is surely opened in these celestial sunsets.

My house is painted gray-brown, shutters and all just alike. I always did hate white paint on the outside of a house, it's so dreadfully staring and stuck up, you know; so kind of flashy, it is; so painfully suggestive of high-wines, shoddy, petroleum, and mobs. At least that's what it always says to me. For myself, I'll none of it. I haven't my house gorgeously furnished, and "with all the modern improvements." Not I. I've not a velvet carpet in it, and I'm glad of it, nor a single glazed calico coffin wherein to bury chair or sofa. No indeed. My furniture was made for the use of the family, and not the family created to take care of the furniture. There is but one thing grand in the house, and that is our piano. It is a "Steinway Grand." I wish you could hear Cora play it once, and sing "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"I'm no furniture worshipper. I never could understand why people should fall into a spasm of admiration over a set of chairs and tables, any more than over a set of pots and kettles down in my kitchen, or a broom. If both are well made and answer the purpose they're wanted for, it seems to me they fulfill their mission. So you'd find nothing in my house only the piano, the books and the pictures worth a minute's attention.

You'd never stop to give a glance at the house or furniture, but my garden! If you could only look into that garden. It's filled to overflowing with all that is rarest, brightest, and sweetest in the whole flower realm. Such roses, geraniums, heliotropes, and white lilies as blossom there! I always said I meant to have them, you know.

O, my flower-treasures! I love every leaf and bud of you!

And right in one corner, looking eastward, just where it can face the rising, dazzling sun, is a big, stately, old-fashioned yellow sunflower. It's not ridiculous. I wouldn't have that yellow sunflower uprooted for the world. But I haven't any "stately rows of neatly trimmed evergreens." Not one. I abominate the sight of them. In the first place it's an outrageous thing to plant any trees in rows, unless indeed they be apple trees, or peach trees, or some such as you want in your orchard, just as you would plant rows of corn or cabbage for use alone, but rows of ornamental shade trees in your yard, think of that! And an evergreen is a stupid, stiff sort of thing, at best, only good for Christmas trees, or to make wreaths and festoons in the winter holidays, but when it comes to trimming these evergreens into the shape of cones, big at the bottom and little at the top, or of pitchers, eggs, and God knows what other enormities, it is an insult beyond expression to kindly Mother Nature.

From perils by sea and land, and from neatly-trimmed evergreens, deliver us. There's a house a mile or two back in the country, which is a thorn in the flesh to me. It is painted glaring, dazzling white, with the front nearly all windows, and never a shutter to one of them. This wouldn't be so bad, but for the wretched lane leading up to the front door. That lane is as long, narrow, and straight as a broomstick, and dotted up its whole length with evergreens covered by stout boards, having stones laid on top to train the poor, pitiful things into shape. They make me think of Flat Head Indians. I always look the other way and ride past in a gallop. In my yard I have an old oak, a great elm, and two or three somewhat gnarled beeches, standing just as when they belonged to the primitive woods. In one corner is a hawthorn with a wild grape vine climbing all over it; and down below, near the bottom of the hillside, is an old stump, half the length of a tree, completely covered from top to bottom, every inch of it, with running ivy. It's the prettiest sight, is that old stump—that tall, green column by the roadside.

So much for my house and garden. But I haven't said one word yet about the most precious of all my treasures. What do you suppose it is? It is my horse. My prancing, raven-black, princely "Prince." He hasn't a white hair on his body, not one; nothing but black about him, from the tips of his ears to his ebony hoofs, except just his crimson nostrils. There never was such a horse born as that. He's none of your quiet family horses, not Prince. Like "Cholooke's" master, I have a prejudice against the quiet family horse, generally a tame, spiritless beast, with no more snap to him than a donkey. Prince will kick and bite like a zebra, if you abuse him, or if he sees you are afraid of him. And I wouldn't have him otherwise, if I could. Such a glorious horse as he is! He knows more than half the men do. He is my best *friend*, and he knows this, too. We have a famous good understanding between us. Prince is acquainted with the turnpike down the river, the shady lane up the river, and the hill road back into the country, far better than I am, and can tell exactly which road to take every morning. He is not a carriage horse. I never could abide this sickish, languid lolling back in a carriage. It is a stupid way your extremely fashionable women have, and is about as senseless as most of their ways. Give me a wild horseback ride forever! Keep your splendid carriage, if you like; but leave me my grand, stirring, dancing gallop. He is a saddle-horse, my beautiful Prince; and the gladdest, brightest moments of my life are when I am flying over the hills, on his back. I believe I love that horse better than anything else on earth; and as for him—he would undertake to carry me through a burning mountain, if I should bid him.

May my life last no longer than my horseback rides!

I will not tell you of the people who live in my house, except that they are mother, Cora, Sam, Harry and I. We have all had, we who live in the House Beautiful, our troubles in this world, and our bitter disappointments; each had some idol which seemed of gold when it was but gilded clay. And we all have work to do, hard, it is, too, sometimes—but our troubles and our work have but knit us closer together. Through disappointment, and sorrow, and toil we have learned this best lesson—that there is no life save love, and no happiness but labor. So even if the dark day come when we go out to return no more forever to the home by the river, we shall still be certain that there is another House where we shall be together again, shall still remember that

"Over the valley the angels smile."

* * * * * * *

Dear Post—I have been telling you lies. I have no house at all, none in the world, and my horse—what nonsense! I haven't so much of this world's goods as would keep alive a pet mosquito. My house is a cloud and my horse is a dream! I expected both once, a long time ago. My ship, which was coming home from sea, across the ocean of Possibility, from the haven of Fair Hope, was bringing them to me, but there was a great storm, the ship went down, my House Beautiful fell all to pieces, and my horse was drowned.

What a pity it was, wasn't it?

I shall never have them now. Are you not sorry for me? Sorry that alone of all my dream the trouble and the bitterness are real? Isn't it sad that in all these years of waiting for the ship which never came, I have had not one true friend but my pen? I am sure you would have been sorry if you could but have known it that I had only my old pen.

What, Pen, brave old Pen! are you failing me too? Alas, alas! The fingers will hold you up no longer.

I am very tired. The head droops. The eyes grow dim. The hand is weary and can write no more, no more.

Farewell!

The Fire on the Hearth.

Let there be one room at least in every home, where the family, particularly if there be children, can gather around the chimney-piece, and watch, as they sit musing and talking, the flitting flame of either the hickory log, or, for lack of that, the bituminous coal; and, by all means, let that fire-place be generous in its size—not, perhaps, so capacious as to allow all to sit within its very jaws, and to look up at the bright stars of heaven shining down from above—such a one we remember, years ago, in a rude cottage in the wilds of Maine where we passed a night—but still ample enough for a good sized log to be rolled in and committed to its bed of ashes.

It is not often that we now see those rousing wood-fires of a former generation. They are no longer an actual necessity. Modern science has introduced many other methods for warding off the searching blasts of winter. The screens that we set up at our backs, as an additional means of attaining warmth and comfort, have now been folded up and laid aside. The innumerable logs of wood, usually sawed in the hottest days in July, by men who were part and parcel of the saw, and who never tired, however long and hot might be the day, are rarely wanted now. The large, stout leathern apron, with its convenient handles, by which the wood was carried to the fire-place, is no longer called for.

No one of the rising generation, we venture to say, ever saw such a fire upon the hearth—its huge logs piled one above the other, and sending up such volumes of flame that no near approach was possible. The fire has gone out, and a cold, black, funereal stove has usurped its place. So, too, have gone out the liberal wood fires of our father's kitchens, before which were roasted such ample sirloins and over whose living coals such savory steaks were prepared.

But if these open fires are no longer a necessity as a means of affording warmth, are they not necessary as promoters of ventilation, cheerfulness, and gladness in the household? We may easily decide this by comparing the atmosphere and cheerfulness of a room lighted up by a bright, blazing fire, or one heated only by a furnace or by a closed stove, with every means of obtaining fresh air carefully cut off. No matter how high may be the temperature of such a room, if we enter it upon a cold day, and see no open fire, an involuntary shudder comes over us—more especially if no rays of sun-light enter to dispel the gloom.

How pleasant to those who dwell in cities, and who never know the brightness of a fire on their own hearths, is the recollection of the cozy wood fire over which they sat in those frosty evenings of early autumn, following the bright, clear, sunny days, in the distant farm-house among the mountains or by the sea-shore! The thoughts and aspirations of those happy hours will be far more lasting than the embers by the light of which they were kindled.

Let every man, then, who builds or occupies a house, particularly if it be in the country, see that he has at least one open chimney-place or grate for either wood or coal. If he has any desire that his children should ever have happy associations with home, and that in after years their thoughts should revert with pleasure to the scenes of their youth, let the family fireside be something more than a name.

If it be in any way practicable, let there be an open fire-place in every room in the house as a means of ventilation, especially in the case of sickness; and in the chamber what can be more genial or more conducive to that quiet repose which we seek, than watching the fire-light flashing upon the ceiling; and in the tedious hours of illness, what a friend and companion is this same firelight.

Does not delightful Irving tell us that it was by the light of the open fire that the bold dragoon saw, as he lay snug in bed, the movements of the portrait? and although we may not desire to see anything so terrifying, it is at such times that portrait and picture exert a new influence upon our imagination, however familiar they may be to us. Yes, we should willingly part with many a luxury before we relinquish what we consider a necessity, as well as perhaps a luxury.—*The Horticulturist.*

Fashions in Pompeii.

A curious, entertaining, and instructive volume might be written on the habits of the ancient *beau monde*. To such a work the recent investigations of Mr. Fletcher in Italy would form a valuable contribution. From his account of the exhumed city, we select facts illustrative of the customs which there prevailed eighteen centuries ago.

The Roman ladies knew with ours that secrecy is one of the charms of their toilet. Their beauty was not of the class to be handled, taken apart, and put together again by those whose eyes they desired to please. Like the ladies of our time, they attached value only to what was foreign, and no kind of rouge or wash could be used unless it had a foreign name.

When in grand toilet, the Pompeiian lady of fashion glittered in real gold, not Attleborough, and she had a great number of most elegant jewels. Some of the cameos are so delicately engraved as to require a lens to see the design, and how could this be engraved unless the Romans had magnifying-glasses?

They used every exertion to conceal the existence of wrinkles. They had rouges and washes to destroy the marks of time, and to preserve their complexion. They were wont to bathe in luxurious scented baths of asses' milk until the whole body became perfectly smooth. Their toilet occupied an entire half-day; at the snapping of the fingers the servant came to the bedside to more thoroughly awaken her mistress. First, her face must be washed before any man was permitted to see her. And not such a washing as is undergone now, for the paste of bread and milk with which the face had been thoroughly covered the night previous was to be removed as carefully as not to leave the slightest redness of countenance. The teeth were then replaced, the eyebrows pencilled, and the complexion improved.

Notwithstanding the comparatively recent discovery of dentistry, the teeth of Pompeiians were filled with gold.

Auburn, yellow, and even red hair, being scarce, were considered fashionable then as at the present time; a species of soap was used to color black hair, and when the hair absolutely refused to change color, it was cut off and the head supplied with the fashionable tint. The exhumed bodies show that the fashions and follies of 1866 are much the same as those of the year 66.

One has rats and mice skillfully arranged; another, a fine waterfall; one has curls at the back of the head, while another has what might be called corkscrew curls at the side of her face; and still another a cushion placed across the centre of her head, and her hair combed over it.

The jeweled hair-pins used were of the most elegant pattern, and the most dainty care was shown in selecting appropriate designs.

The young girls of Pompeii wore nets on their hair, some of them being made of gold thread, and studded with pearls and precious stones. The most insignificant trifles reveal the richness of fancy possessed by the Pompeiians.

In Rome, the Senate ordained that the slaves who served as hair-dressers, or who otherwise adorned the women, should serve an apprenticeship; and Ovid tells us how expert they became in the art of adornment. After Rome became the centre of luxury, the mode of adorning the hair changed, and the Roman ladies began to wear strings of pearls.

The ladies were wont to wear lotus leaves in their hair whenever they entered the temples of worship. Gold dust was used by them in powdering their hair at one time; but as soon as a fashion lost its freshness they adopted a new style, the same as our ladies do.

The Roman belles wore wreaths of fragrant flowers, sometimes placing them around their necks in order to inhale their perfume themselves. These flowers were afterwards sent to bashful suitors, and a Roman lover would consider himself insulted to receive fresh flowers from his lady-love.

The Pompeiian lady did not endeavor to have her body look like an insect's; she did not wear corsets nor bolster herself up with whalebone. She wore a sort of fine linen jacket, answering somewhat to the chemise of the present day; next was a tunic which varied in length; and then came a mantilla. The Roman lady of fashion usually wore white kid boots, although our notion is that they only wore sandals. The Roman lady of fashion also devoted great care to her nails, both of feet and hands; they had a slave whose duty it was to pare, cleanse, and tint the nails of his mistress. They never wore gloves, yet they took the greatest care of their hands, not by disuse entirely, but by means of cosmetics which rendered them soft and beautiful.

As an illustration of the prodigality of their expenditures, Mr. Fletcher says that a very ordinary dinner consisted of three courses, embracing some twenty or more dishes. Some dinners for nine persons cost $150,000; but then they had dishes full of parrots' tongues, from the interior of Africa, the plates piled up with peacocks' brains, and we all know peacocks have but little brains.

Looking at the jewels of a Roman lady we are surprised to see how fond they were of the snake form; and not only ornaments of that form were fashionable, but living snakes were petted by the Roman belles.

At one of the earliest excavations, in a narrow, arched passage of a cellar of a house in Pompeii, the skeletons of eighteen persons were found, nestling in each other's arms. They probably remained there, hoping that the shower of mud-rain would soon cease, until too late to escape. The superintendent took particular note of what he saw. The dress of the women appeared to consist of garments, one over the other, the lower limbs being enclosed in linen trowsers. One lady was distinguished from the others by rich jewels, and the fineness of her linen. The name of Julia has been handed down to posterity as the last survivor of Pompeii.

Earth-Eaters.

As a general rule, whenever a person alludes to the existence of a people who sustain life by eating earth, his hearer or hearers commonly listen to him with an incredulous smile, and the inward reflection that travellers tell strange stories. A paper on the subject was read not long since at a scientific meeting, in which it was said that certain kinds of earth are really endued with nutritive properties. A tribe at the mouth of the Amazon, say two recent travellers, whose veracity, we are told, can be relied upon, content themselves, or, at least, try to do so, with a fatty, ferruginous earth, of which they eat about a pound and a half a day. Nor is this the only place where this earth can be obtained, nor is its use confined to those who are unable to obtain anything better: in Bolivia, for instance, an earth of this kind is sold in the public market, an analysis of which yields the following results:—Every variety of these earths is almost entirely composed of fresh-water infusores, or microscopic shells. Their nutritive properties, therefore, are doubtless owing to the retention of animal substances by these shells, which thus constitute a species of antediluvian sustenance. It is not only, however, in the South that this kind of nutriment is made use of; in a country where warmth is of the first necessity, namely, Lapland, the inhabitants make use of a white mineral earth in the absence of cereals. This dust is composed of nineteen species of infusores analogous to those found in the neighborhood of Berlin. In testing this skeleton dust, which is found in considerable quantities in Sweden and Finland as well as in Lapland, Retzius discovered that it contained a large proportion of animal matter.

Juries and Breaches of Promise.

The English Solicitor General said in the House of Commons, upon the subject of juries and "Breaches of Promise:"

"When a tall and pretty lady was set before them as having been deluded, there was no holding them in. He remembered hearing an old gentleman, who had been a barrister in India, tell the story of a Circassian slave who had murdered the master of a harem there. This counsel had to defend her. It was a bad case, but he said—'Put on her best dress, the more transparent the better; set her opposite the jury, and I'll answer for the result.' And the result was exactly what he predicted. She had stabbed the man, but the jury pardoned the crime for the sake of the interesting woman they saw before them. So in the case of an action for breach of promise A young and interesting woman will get damages; but if a man was ever so young and interesting he got no damages, but had to pay heavy costs and get scouted besides. Why it happened he could not say; but his experience in courts of justice was, that in actions for breaches of promise of marriage the women had it their own way and the men had no chance. The lady was well got up, placed in a conspicuous place, and the attention of the jury directed to her, and of course she was generally in tears. If she was placed in the witness-box and cried under cross-examination, as they always did, it would be all over with the men. The jury, to show their chivalry, their admiration for the fair sex, and their contempt for their own, would immediately return a verdict for her."

Gait an Indication of Character.

Observing persons move slow, their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around. Careful people lift their feet high and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed. Timid persons often step off from a sidewalk on meeting another, and always go round a stone instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while they shake about miscellaneously.

Careless persons are for ever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of a stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One-idea persons and very selfish ones "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap their fingers every few steps. Fun-loving people have a kind of jig movement.

Colored Starch.

This, says a London paper, is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink today may be green to-morrow, and buff afterwards, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White antimacassars or lace curtains may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded.

☞ WOMEN.—They are a great mystery. According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older and never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions (on the contrary, they will run after lions;) and according to Gunter, they can talk a few!

John Strauss and his Sophie Waltz.

[Translated from the German, by Chas. Grobe.]

Strauss is a second Orpheus, whose tender-moaning, spirit-stirring, love-kissing music conquers the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothe hearts, still sighs, dry tears, tame wild beasts, and move the stones themselves. Strauss has written waltzes that are more to me than many operas. In seven of his measures, there is often more melody than in as many heavy scores of other musicians. What a fullness of syren beauty, what a rich mine of poetry, what an inexhaustible fount of ever-gushing melody! And not the melody alone—the rhythm also with magical influence seizes the brain and enters the heart. His violin is a talisman, by which he draws from the depths of the human soul brightest joy, and deepest woe, and mingles them with master hand. The bow with which he draws these many-colored tones from his instrument is a magic wand, which touches the grief torn soul with the healing balsam of joy and lends her wings to mount up into the heaven of peace. There are waltz-compositions as rich in melody, but few as rich in melting rhythm as those of Strauss—by times skipping, humming, waltzing, gliding and dancing, so inviting, so irresistible, that no dancer can withstand their witching influence. He is the idol of women. In every house, on every piano in Vienna, lie Strauss' waltzes. He has written over two hundred, all are favorites, all are sung and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Cobbler and dandy hum and pipe them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing Viennese carry him on their shoulders and shout—"Strauss forever."

This Strauss, this waltz hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Haley's heaven, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful. He would have given worlds to have won but one glance of love, but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes.

"Impertinent!" said Sophie, and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely deigned him a look. Shortly afterward, Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had indeed as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and with burning words declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was quite driven to despair. But neither tears nor protestations moved her—she was cold and unfeeling as marble. "I am an affianced bride," she said haughtily, "and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?" She turned scornfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair. The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie, unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the Count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in God's universe, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice."

He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge at least her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened his window, gazed out into the cold night, and improvised and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above that looked kindly down on the desolate and heart-stricken. The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of love had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes; but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre; the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant piercing black eyes, sharp, strongly-marked features, dressed from head to foot in black, as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him, stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she passed after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love.

It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse, it was kindling love. A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to overwhelm and destroy her quite. Gladly she would have wept, but she dared not. It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie on the arm of the happy bridegroom. All stand spell-bound with the wondrous witchery of those magic sounds. They forgot to dance—they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out its woe through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved, with his heart went his spirit. The bridegroom led off—they dance and dance. Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, torn heart. They dance and dance and dance, and will never cease. Strauss plays and plays and plays, and will never stop this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. They dance and dance; he plays and plays—suddenly the E of his violin snaps, and in that moment Sophie falls dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fall from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror he shrieked, "Sophie," and fell fainting on the floor.

Since Sophie's death the waltz is called by her name; Strauss loved her till his death. He, too, is now dead, but his charming Sophie waltz lives yet.

☞ The first man that "struck ile" was Jonah, and he was taken in.

LET ME GO.

[The following is the composition of Miss Mary Pyper (a resident in one of the "*Closes*" or Alleys in the old town of Edinburgh), who is in extreme old age, quite alone in the world, totally blind, and in deep poverty:—]

Let me go!—The Day is breaking,
Morning bursts upon mine eye,
Death this mortal frame is shaking—
But the soul can never die!

Let me go!—The Day-Star, beaming,
Gilds the radiant realms above;
Its full Glory on me streaming,
Lights me to that Land of Love!

Let me go!—My Warfare's ended;
Night's dark shades have passed away;
All in view is Glory splendid,
Boundless and eternal Day!

Let me go!—My Master's Chariot
Waits in state to bear me Home—
Purchase of His Grace and Merit,—
Alleluia! Lord, I come!

Now, I am Thine, and Thine for ever,
While eternal ages roll;
Sense and sin no more shall sever
Thy blest Presence from my soul!

Now, amid the sacred splendor
Of the glorious Hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God whose name is Love!

PALE AND BROWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild, stormy night, but the doctor's little company of friends had not failed to come. I sat on the sofa talking with Prof. Kremler, who was the delight of my heart, because of his thorough German nature, deep-thinking and joyous. The doctor was full of his jokes, which caused a constant flow and ebb of laughter in the room, while his dear little wife glided gently about, keeping every one well pleased. Cousin Mark's wife was there, and cousin Dick's wife, and Dick himself. And our magnificent Bess, whom they had all come to see, swept her mauve-tinted robe statelily away from the piano-stool, which was her throne by right; she had just finished an exquisite arrangement from "Martha," so her retreat was covered by a little hum of applause, and Don Whiskerando (meaning our tenth cousin, Marmaduke,) drew a chair for her as near his own as might be, which perhaps pleased Bess more than it did me on the other side of the room.

It was just at that moment that the doctor's wife whispered in my ear a request that I would step down to the cellar a moment and superintend the choosing of the wine, for a dozen choice bottles had been sent in gift-fashion the day before, and the doctor to-night wanted us to test and praise the merits of the sherry, brown and pale, which they contained. So I stumbled down in the dark, while glimmers of mauve flashed over my retina, and the professor's last German couplet rang in my ear.

The maids were waiting below with a flickering candle, and we all marched solemnly to the rows of bottles, which looked like so many nine-pins, for Bacchus to tilt at. Of course, the latest comers were easily distinguished by the absence of dust, and selecting a couple of bottles, we returned to the dining-room. There stood the decanters, twin beauties, uniquely cut in some foreign manufactory, the doctor's initials all enwrought with gracefullest vine leaves and tendrils. And Kathie drew the stoppers, while Rose tried to find the corkscrew for the bottles. That occasioned a delay, momently more vexatious, as I felt how much of parlor delights I was losing.

"Do hurry, Rose!" I exclaimed, impatiently.

"Sure, then, I just bethink me I'll get one in a moment!" And she left the room, while Kathie laughed significantly.

"She'll be getting it of her cousin Luke outside. He's niver the boy to be without a screw, let alone a bottle!"

But to this I paid little attention, only wishing success to Rose in her quest. In a moment she re-appeared, handing me a corkscrew, a little one, evidently intended for pocket convenience. It had a curious twist in its spirals, too, and took hold of the cork in a quick, restless way, quite unlike the slow dignity of the family copper-cased screw. However, I opened the bottles, and filled the decanters, and when I had done there yet remained some in the bottom of each bottle.

"Put those back with the rest," I said carelessly to Rose, and then hurried up stairs. Bess was still tete-a-tete with Marmaduke, and I could overhear some scraps of nonsense as I passed them. For my part, I disapprove of flirting, and though Bess waved a little gale of violet from her mouchoir at me, I went sturdily on to where the professor was smilingly keeping a vacant chair next him.

"Ah, August!" he said, "I wish I could meet you in the vine-lands of my Rhine. You will be August indeed then, when we have you away from this cold America."

"A voice from a foreign land always thrills me. It suggests so much beyond me.

"The best will be the walking-tours," I answered, "when I throw a little knapsack over my shoulder and take my long staff, and put on my hob-nailed boots. Then, hurra for the mountains!"

"It is all very fine to talk," said cousin Dick's wife, "but really the bugs in Italy quite spoil one's pleasure."

"For my part, I think the Yankees had better stay at home," interrupted cousin Mark's wife's decisive voice. "The best chance for them is in their own country."

"O Madame! yes, you have a grand chance here! but you are a hard people and unsocial. A German with a dollar in his pocket is happier than an American with a thousand!"

At that moment refreshments were brought in, and in the little lull that ensued while we took our creams and cakes, Marmaduke's voice from the other corner was distinctly audible to me, at least, murmuring in heartrending tones,

"Call me pet names, dearest, call me a bird!"

Whereunto a vision in mauve replied: "You goose!" and that gave me a moment's ecstasy.

"This wine, gentlemen," said the doctor, "was sent to me the other day by one of our most munificent friends, and I suspect you will find it very fine. This is the very ideal of brown sherry!" And he filled a tray of glasses from the decanter.

"Excellent! Excellent!" cried the gentlemen, sipping their wine.

"I will take a parish myself," said the professor, "if they will treat me like this!" And Dick laughed approvingly, though he murmured something to Mrs. Dick about the sherry being a little too heady for ladies.

"You should have given the ladies some of your port, my dear," suggested the doctor to his wife, but the proposal was rather too late to be acted on.

"What toast shall you and I drink?" asked the professor of me, replenishing his glass.

"A long, happy life, and many years in Germany!" I answered, readily, and we touched the frail edges of crystal which rang out a little peal delicately clear.

The wine was rich and strong, the cream satiated the palate, and the cakes were so many masses of sweetness; the second decanter came near being forgotten, but the doctor remembered it at last.

"Ah, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "now for some of this excellent pale sherry! See what a beautiful golden amber! Mamie, daughter, bring me those fresh glasses."

So Mamie became waiting-maid for the nonce, and those who might have refused the draught could not but take it, when so winningly urged by the *petite*, childish figure.

Dick tasted, paused, tasted again, and looked up surprised.

"Why, this isn't sherry, it's hock!" he exclaimed,

"*Hic, hæc, hoc*, indeed!" laughed the professor, holding up his glass.

"It can't be possible," remonstrated the doctor, "I am sure it is fine old pale sherry." But, on tasting, he too looked doubtful, and at last said, "It *is* hock!"

Marmaduke (Duke we called him "for short") who was too much engaged to care, and the ladies, who did not pretend to be *connoisseurs*, gave no opinion; so, since hock it was decided to be, as hock it must be drank, and the larger glasses, suitable for a sour wine, were produced.

"For," said cousin Dick, "there is no use in leaving any; such wines are not good for much the next day."

So the decanter was entirely emptied before the glasses were returned to the waiter.

A little more music we all demanded then from our St. Cecilia, as Dick irreverently termed Bess; so, dropping her lace handkerchief, and receiving it again from Duke, opening and closing her fan, smiling and graciously rising, she went to the massive "Chickering's grand" that stood in the corner, a mute mystery, waiting for its interpreter.

However much Bess might have been flirting, or trifling, or standing proudly apart, when she began to play you forgot all that, you could not help being soul-bound while those exquisitely lovely little hands brought out the thunder-notes of grand old sonatas, or went dancing through airy fantasias, or stole lingeringly and softly over the keys in some heart-breaking melody, as if every note were a sad little tear set to music. Bess was an *artiste*, and that heart of hers, which never betrayed its secrets to our curiosity, I think dared to revel sometimes in the utmost fullness of expression in that music, sometimes keeping tantalisingly just a little beyond our comprehension. Did I ever detect a noble impatience, a fine scorn of weak and false, a wild pathetic longing for some sweeter, better thing than life had given yet, or did I only dream that I detected it?

Meanwhile Bess played.

The bell rang, the coupé had come for cousin Mark's wife, but she paused, unwilling to start till the last notes were done of a charming little descriptive piece, giving the sounds heard in the South American valleys; the wind, the storm, the traveller's cries, the voice of birds, the gipsy's song, all daguerreotyped into music by the young composer Trier.

It ended at last, as all beautiful things must, and cousin Mark's wife made her adieus and left the room. But Duke declared he would not join her till he had heard his favorite unearthly "Tam O'Shanter." So Tam and the witches sang and shrieked and danced by the magic of Bessie's fingers, and in the *éclat* of the supernatural, Duke bowed himself from our presence.

"Is it the first time he has met our Queen Bess?" asked Dick of me in a whisper, and when I answered "yes," he said, meaningly, "Then I should like very much to see them the second and third time!"

When one or two go, the rest may as well do the same, for the spirit of the thing is over. The professor went and carried Germany with him, and handsome Dick followed with his bride; and the next, and the next, and the next, until the doctor and his wife, poor sleepy Mamie and I were left staring wearily at the relics of the festival, at one another, and at our lady Bess in the sweeping mauve-tinted robe, with no trace of *ennui* in eye or on cheek as she laughed a little low laugh with her "good-night," and went up stairs, leaving of all her enchantments only a breath of spring violets in the parlor.

CHAPTER II.

Certainly that evening there did not seem to have happened anything that would suggest a mystery, but we never know what sharp corners Fate will send us dodging about, just at the moment when life seems the most commonplace road imaginable. At dinner the next day, the doctor said,

"Let's drink the rest of that hock, there's no use keeping it, and it will give a little flavor to to-day."

So Rose was called to bring the bottle up from the cellar, and she set it on the table by the doctor. He filled a glass for each of us, and taking his own looked at it meditatively.

"There must be some very fine quality about this hock, that it should be sent as a gift with such *éclat*!" And he sipped it with the air of a judge, then stared at us in lively astonishment.

"Why, it isn't hock at all! It is pale sherry, just as I thought, and the best I ever tasted!"

"But you said it was hock last night!" I exclaimed, impatiently.

"Well, not till Dick and the professor laid down the law so decidedly, and I did not like to contradict them," replied the doctor, in some confusion.

"Ah, doctor, that won't do!" said Bess, with a little ringing laugh, "confess now, it is hock all the while, only you want to make a grand impression on us, and pass it off as sherry!"

"Upon my word," the doctor answered, earnestly, "this is rare old pale sherry; taste and see; it is no more hock than I am! Besides, this is a sherry-bottle; look at the shape, I noticed it last night. Those gentlemen lost their power of judging after drinking the brown sherry, I suspect."

"Indeed, Theophilus, it cannot be; the professor knows more about wines than all of us," said the doctor's wife, "it *must* be hock!"

"Taste and see," was all the doctor's reply.

So we tasted and saw, but she and Bess and I all declared that though pale sherry it might be to-day, hock it was last night, and the bottles must somehow have got changed.

"We will see about that," the doctor insisted, and sent Mamie down with Rose to the cellar to bring up as many partially emptied bottles as they could find, and so make the thing sure.

We played with our almonds and raisins while awaiting the result, all but the doctor momently expecting the hock to make its appearance and put him to shame. But presently Mamie came back, and reported that only one bottle was to be found which had been opened, and that she had brought up to her father. He took it triumphantly.

"Are you convinced *now*!" he asked. "This is what remains of the brown sherry that we drank first."

"I cannot feel convinced," said his wife, shaking her head, and Bess and I agreed that it was impossible to feel convinced.

"Well, wife, I'll tell you what!" said the doctor, growing emphatic, "I'll wager you twenty dollars that this pale sherry is what we drank last night, and you may take as much time and as many ways as you please to find it out."

"I'll agree to that," she answered with perfect assurance, and thinking of a certain hitherto unattainable engraving at Bowle's. What might not be done with an extra twenty?

"If I were you I'd search among the bottles myself, mamma," said Mamie.

"We'll help you!" chorussed Bess and I, and the doctor's wife smiled as if she thought there would be very little trouble about it. And indeed it did seem an easy thing to decide. I felt sure that her keen eyes and quick wit would very soon unravel the mystery, and prove hock perfectly distinct from pale sherry.

Meanwhile the earth turned a quarter round on its axis, and Duke came to call on us, but rather to my annoyance seemed to care very little for any one but Bess. Duke was brilliant, Duke was handsome, Duke might have been fascinating, but had too droll a vein of humor to allow of much sentimentality. This time he came in elate with one of his irresistible adventures. It was at the time when *garroting* was rampant. He had come upon an innocent, unoffending man at the corner, and no one being near, had seized him by the collar, and exclaimed in a loud voice,

"Are you a *garroter*, sir?"

"O, bless my soul, No!" cried the poor man in mortal terror, and taking to his heels ran down the street.

"It was *such* fun to see him go!" said Duke, while we laughed, and could not help it.

No one could be prouder than I of Bess, and yet I was a little provoked at her for looking so pretty just then right before Duke's eyes, in her white linen dress, with a snowy cashmere sacque fluttering off her shoulders, her graceful head "running over with curls" in the latest Parisian style, with bandeaux of a silvery ribbon, and she looking like the daintiest, haughtiest, sweetest maiden in the world. Why couldn't she keep all that prettiness just for us, I thought jealously, instead of shining on Duke, too? But perhaps I hadn't any right to care.

What did she presently do but tell him the whole story of the hock and the pale sherry, with the dispute and wager consequent thereon. And what did he do, without any consideration, but take sides with the doctor, saying he was sure so excellent a man could not be wrong! And when Bess in the ardor of her zeal declared that the doctor would lose the wager, Duke proposed that she should lay a wager with him to the same end.

"Very well," said Bess, "what shall it be?"

"You may propose three things," he said, "provided that if I do not like either of them, I may also propose three."

"A box of chocolate cream," suggested Bess.

"Bad for the teeth," negatived Duke.

"A box of French kids," suggested Bess again.

"Don't want them, and I intend to win," he said, laughing.

"A dozen bottles of Lubin's violet," she proposed lastly.

"Ah, ah!" he said, tantalizingly, "you *would* like to have me help increase your list of fascinations, but I shan't do it even for the sake of that filmy cambric!"

"I have nothing more to propose," she replied, carelessly, "what three better things can you mention?"

Mischief sparkled in his eyes.

"The first thing I propose," he said, "is your photograph."

Now he had asked for that a dozen times before, but always in vain to my delight.

"No, sir!" said Bess, promptly, "I won't agree to that."

The mischief in his eyes grew dangerous.

"Then, secondly, if I lose I will give you a kiss, and if I win will you give me one?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Bess in a pretty flutter of indignation. I suppose they thought me busy with my writing as I never raised my head to look at them, but every word sank deep into my heart.

"Well then, what's to be done?"

"Don't despair till you name your thirdly."

"I don't like to be denied so often."

"Much mercy you had on me!"

"Trumpery gloves and scent-bottles! Mine is more sensible now."

"Sensible!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"Will you accept my terms?"

"Name them."

"Show your faith by accepting them before they are named," he suggested, slyly. I almost sprang to my feet, could she not see what the man was aiming at? She did not appear to—was apparently weary of the discussion.

"Well," she said, languidly, "I don't know that I object to returning good for evil. And since kisses and photographs are put out of the question, there is nothing very dreadful to be feared. I will trust you as a gentleman, and accept your thirdly for our wager."

"Yes, trust me as a gentleman," he answered, demure as a cat, "thank you, Queen Bess. Then that is happily settled. You will not retract?"

"I never retract," she said, haughtily.

"And now shall I tell you what you have wagered?" he asked, with unfathomable eyes.

"As you like," Bess answered, assuming indifference.

"Well," he said, "for the sake of a little more excitement, suppose we let it remain a secret till the war of the wines is decided. See, I will write the wager on this card. There! it is written. Ah! don't you wish you could see your fate on it? But you shall not, not till sherry is triumphant!" And he twirled the card in his fingers. Bessie snatched at it playfully, but he held it up out of her reach.

"Now, how shall we keep the secret best?" he asked, and then he took up a little rose-wood box from the mantle, "let us dedicate this little box to Pandora, and woe be to the one that opens it till the day of fate comes." Then he dropped the card in, turned the key, put it in his pocket, and replaced the box on the mantle.

I was on the alert; I had watched him furtively as he wrote upon the card, and as well as I could, mimicked the motion of his pencil with my own—then in the scrawling hieroglyph on my paper tried to decipher some word. And being very far-sighted, as he dropped the card into the box, I strained my eyes to read what he had written in the instant of its falling from his hand. I was not quite sure, but putting both hints together, I suspected enough to make me determine to leave no stone unturned which might prove that the sherry was hock.

CHAPTER III.

The doctor's wife sought long among the bottles in cellar, closet, and side-board, and would not give up her quest, though every day the vision of that twenty-dollar engraving grew fainter. The doctor's raillery grew every day more triumphant, and even Bess seemed slightly discomposed by it. But Mamie would listen to nothing—she was blindly devoted to her mother's side of the question. Meanwhile I kept quietly at work following out every idea that presented itself to my mind.

The thought was very naturally suggested that Rose or that lover of hers, with the convenient corkscrew, might have had something to do in the matter, if any bottles had really disappeared. I had quite forgotten that corkscrew, but now suddenly I remembered the curious spiral which would certainly leave a different mark in the cork. Here might be a clue! I went immediately to the two bottles which were kept in a corner by themselves awaiting the *denouement*, taking our own corkscrew with me, half hoping that it might be found to fit into the poor pierced twisted cork of the pale sherry bottle, and thus prove it not to be the one I had opened on that memorable evening. But no—the drawing of that cork had evidently never been done by the family screw; and it was the same with the other bottle. So far, the evidence was on the doctor's side.

Still, having nothing better to do, I thought I might as well keep my eyes and ears open in other directions, for I was determined that if possible Duke should lose his wager. It would be an object to discover whether Rose's lover might be justly suspected of tampering with the wines. I suggested this to the doctor's wife, and she gave me leave to use any means to further the plan.

That very evening I determined to watch. Just as we were rising from the tea-table Duke came in, bringing a song he had promised to Bessie, and they went into the parlor to try it. A foolish piece of nonsense it was, made popular in some farce at the theatre, and Bessie looked askance from the corner of her eye, as she sang—

"O, my heart goes pit-a-pat,
O, my brain goes whirligig,
O, my brow goes rub-a-dub,
I'm in love I truly fear!"

But she convulsed us all with laughter when, instead of the chorus, "tremblingly, shivery, quivery," she sang "Bessery, Dukery, gessery!" Oh, it was fine to be a Queen Bess, winsome and pretty, and praised for whatever she did! And Duke leaned over her as she played, and turned the leaves of the music. I did not want to leave the room, but that little rose-wood box on the mantle reminded me of the prize at stake, so I stole quietly away to watch for a clue.

Luke might or might not come that evening. I hardly knew what I expected to gain by watching for him, but if one wants to play detective, he must not let slip one of a thousand chances. I sat by an upper window looking out upon the back yard and the gate by which he would come; the gas was turned down low that I might not be noticed from the outside. It was a new, curious sensation, and one really worth having for once in a life-time, to be thus looking out quiet and intent in the night-time over a view hardly to be chosen for picturesqueness. The neighbors' chimneys assumed an interest, the flat roofs, the long, low sheds, the spiked fences, lay wierdly distinct in the moonlight. There was the tall, dark gate in the corner that I jealousy watched, and that seemed as if it would never open. Along the tops of the fences, up the water-pipes by the sides of the houses, and over the roofs, went swiftly and softly every few moments some sly velvet-pawed cat keeping rendezvous. Those were their streets, their lanes, their parks, their music-halls. Now and a then a human element was added to the scene, some policeman walking through the alley, or from a rear window of some house on the other side of the block, a curtain was drawn, giving a glimpse of light and warmth and home happiness. So I sat alone looking out into the night till Luke came.

For he did come at last, shutting the gate after him firmly and boldly, walking swiftly up the yard to the kitchen-door where Rose waited, and holding—yes, actually holding a *bottle* in his hand! My heart went pit-a-pat like the song Queen Bess trilled down in the parlor. Evidently Luke must be considered an object of suspicion. Then so must Rose too, our neat, pretty, cheerful Rose, the pride of the housewifely heart of the doctor's wife. However, nothing should be done rashly, I must think now how and when to watch next. Meanwhile I went back to the parlor. Duke appealed to me as I went in.

"August," he said, "if such a thing were possible, I should say that Miss Bessie's eyes grew ten degrees darker at a proposition I made just now, and she has not spoken a word since. Is that a good or bad omen?"

"Very bad for you," I answered, promptly, remembering the proposition which lay in the rose-wood box, and sincerely hoping that all omens might be bad for the proposer. But who will undertake to read a woman's heart? It seemed as if that very answer of mine worked against me—for with a tantalising little peep at me through her eyelashes, Bess immediately grew more charming and gracious than ever to him whom I just then wished so heartily away from her presence.

And then, "I accept the proposition," she said.

"All right!" he answered triumphantly, "then put on your clouds and veils, my Queen of Night, and we will go out for our moonlight."

So the proposition this time was for a walk simply,—however dangers lurk in such walks!

Bess disappeared, and returned queenlier than ever with the drapery of her Arab mantle falling gracefully about her, and something white, soft and mist-like, enveloping her head. Duke made a low bow as she entered, then with fancy case drew her arm in his, and they left me. Love seems always to hover about some people,—it seems always to escape some others. That was what I thought, as I sat in the parlor alone, the air haunted with the perfume of violets, the rose-wood box full in sight on the mantle.

And there was that love affair in the kitchen, stalwart Luke and pretty Rose! How I hated to be watching and meddling, but nevertheless as I remembered them, I rose slowly and went up stairs to the window again, thinking perhaps I might see Luke depart. And Fortune favored me, if a favor it was, to be permitted to see what seemed to show so much guilt. I had hardly been there ten minutes when Luke went out of the gate with not only a bottle but a package of something in his hand, very plain to be seen in the moonlight. It made me feel sick at heart; were there then wrong and deception everywhere in life?

I told the doctor's wife what I had seen, and she looked really grieved.

"I would rather lose twenty wagers than my faith in Rose's honesty," she said.

The next day I asked Kathie what Luke's other name was, and then looking in the directory I found out his residence and his business. He owned a wagon, it seemed, and carried parcels and commissions for people all about the city. I could easily contrive an errand which would take me to his house, and I could go at an hour when he would be at his work, and perhaps discover something about that bottle. It was very uncertain of course, but I had nothing better to do just then with my time, and I wanted to baffle Duke, and besides we were all so curious to know the truth in the case of sherry *versus* hock.

So, shortly after I sallied out, looking in at the parlor door as I passed. There stood Bess by the mantle, holding the little rosewood box with a thoughtful air.

"What do you imagine can be written on that card?" she asked me.

"What do *you* imagine?" I answered abruptly.

Bess blushed a trifle, and said she was sure she did not know.

"Whatever it is," I went on, "I shall do my best to prevent Duke from winning it. Don't you know that, Bess?"

She looked at me indefinably, then laid the box on the mantle again.

"You do not do justice to Duke," she said.

"Justice!" I exclaimed, "why, what has he to recommend him but an audacity which you may call winning, and a ready wit? Is that all you ask in a world where there are yet some heroes left?"

"And how do you know that he is not one of the heroes?" she asked; "have you never noticed that with all that graceful ease and merry trifling he has never once given utterance to a mean or unworthy thought—but on the other hand has often let fall words that showed a truly noble nature? But no! you have never done him justice!"

And so I left her, wondering to myself whether Duke did *me* justice, and whether she would defend me like that if he did not. When I went out into the street, I had not gone far before I met cousin Dick, and he stopped me to say that he had heard the story of the wines, and he *knew* it was simply hock which we drank from the second decanter that evening. I told him I was sure of it too—and hoped before long to prove it.

Luke's home was out in the borders of the city; I came to it at last, a neat little tenement house where he rented two rooms. I rapped on the door, and a clear, sweet voice bade me enter. I was heartily ashamed of my secret errand as I announced my ostensible one to the little figure in a rocking chair by the window. Half child, half woman, with a bright, patient face, her slender fingers employed with heavy mending, Luke's sister looked up at me, and excused herself for not rising.

"For I'm but a poor cripple," she said, "and it hurts me so to move."

I told her I wanted her brother to call at a certain number the next day to transport some boxes, and then I lingered to say,

"You're not all alone here, child, are you?"

"O, Luke's always home to his meals, and Mrs. Flynn, in the next room, comes in a bit every day to tidy me up, and do the heavy work I can't reach. And then I sew for her children to pay her."

"Is Luke a good brother?"

"O, the world never saw a better! He carries me in his arms, and he always brings me home a flower, or a bit of fruit, or something."

"Rose lives at our house," I said, then, that she might feel acquainted with me; unwisely, perhaps, so far as the wine was concerned, but at that moment I forgot the wine.

She looked at me eagerly enough then, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and felt acquainted at once.

"What! Luke's Rose?" she cried. "O, I want to see her so much."

"Perhaps you will some day," I said, smiling.

She smiled, too, poor little helpless thing, whose joys must be so few.

"Yes, I know that, just as soon as Luke gets his house all done. Then we shall go there, and Rose will come too. Look, you can see from this window, that little house there. Luke bought it somewhere, and had it moved up here, and he has fixed it over all himself, and last week he plastered it. But now he has used up all his money, and work is so dull, but when he can earn enough he will furnish it, and then Rose will come to live there with us."

At that moment a quick, eager tap was heard outside, and before the little crippled girl had time to turn her head and say "come in," the door opened, and a joyous, ringing voice exclaimed,

"O, Hannah, I have something beautiful to tell you!"

CHAPTER IV.

She stood there, startled on the threshold, a young girl, simply clad, with the May-flower pink in her cheeks, her brown hair tossed out of order by the wind, and she half ready to flee away at sight of a stranger. So I hushed myself with the view from the window, while poor little Hannah called her in with a glad welcome, and said, to explain my presence,

"It's somebody from the house where Rose lives," and then she said to me, "It's my tract distributor, Miss Barclay."

The young girl seemed quite reassured then, and coming to Hannah's side, lifted the cover of a basket on her arm and let the invalid peep in From a corner of my eye I got a glimpse of custard and a plate of fruit.

"What shall I do with it?" Miss Barclay asked merrily.

"Won't you please open that little closet and put them on the shelf," said happy Hannah.

Miss Barclay crossed the room and threw open the closet door. There, on an upper shelf, stood a tall dark bottle. I was afraid my face changed.

"Is that your medicine bottle, you poor child?" she asked, pointing to it.

"Yes," said Hannah, innocently; "it is good medicine, too. Rose sent it to me; she made it herself."

"Does Rose know how to make medicine?" I asked, assuming interest and surprise.

"Aye, that she does. It is for this cough I have; she makes a syrup, and boils and bottles it, and it has done me a heap of good. I finished one bottle yesterday, and Luke took it last night to be filled again."

"I should like to taste and see what kind of medicine Rose makes," I said, curiously, and Miss Barclay laughed and handed me the bottle and a little clean cup. I poured out a few drops and tasted; it was cough medicine, indeed, bitter and horrid, with not a drop of wine to flavor it. What now of my shrewd suspicions? I felt rather abashed.

"That's a formidable looking bottle," I said.

"It used to be a wine bottle. Rose asked the mistress for it once when she was clearing off the old empty bottles, on purpose to put my syrup in," replied poor Hannah, quite unconscious of the examination and cross-examination she was undergoing. I felt quite ashamed of myself, and determined, if possible, to do this brother and sister a good turn in expiation.

"Did you say Luke must wait some time before he could furnish his house?" I asked.

"O, that's just what *I* came to talk about," interrupted Miss Barclay, her earnest young face all aglow with interest.

"Will you tell me about it?" I asked, rather gravely, that they might not think me too curious and familiar. But poor little Hannah had no doubt in her heart about one who came from the house where Rose lived, and Miss Barclay evidently supposed me some kind of a friend, perhaps like herself. So I was taken into confidence, and learned how Miss Barclay, in her youthful zeal to be of use in the world, had become a tract distributor, and so gained entrance to many humble homes and hearths. Hannah, the patient little cripple, so devoted to her brother, had interested her at once, and she had entered enthusiastically into the project of Luke's new little house, though Luke himself she had never chanced to meet. I knew Mr. Barclay well by reputation as a reliable business man, and when his daughter said that he had promised to allow her to buy a carpet as a sort of wedding present for Luke's little home, I felt both surprised and pleased. It all at once seemed proper that Luke should be regarded as a struggling hero, and there was a glamor of romance shed over the whole affair. I determined to lend a helping hand myself, and when presently Miss Barclay arose to go, I arose too and went with her, in order to have a short consultation on the subject, beyond Hannah's hearing. Hannah looked wistfully and admiringly after us as we left her, as Cinderella might have looked after her fairy god-mother.

Next day at dinner I took a new interest in pretty Rose, who waited on us so deftly, thinking of the pleasant surprise that would await her before long. We always had a lively, cheerful time at dinner, with Bess at the doctor's right hand, and all of us conducting rather on the mutual admiration plan. This noon Duke dined with us, which complicated affairs in a very interesting manner. The doctor's eyes twinkled as he announced another very curious discovery, calling at the same time for the remainder of the bottle of brown sherry from which we drank first on the memorable evening which was the beginning of so much.

"Now," he asked, pouring out for us, "if you had not heard this called brown sherry, what would you have thought it to be?"

Bess, and Mamie and I, all of course declared we should not have known, not being connoisseurs, but the doctor's wife, tasting from her glass, said, hesitatingly, that it seemed like port.

"And port it is!" declared the doctor, laughing heartily; "port it is, and none of us had sense enough to know it!"

"Then the brown sherry was port, and the pale sherry was hock, and the hock was pale sherry!" said Bess, in utter bewilderment.

"Aha! Who wins the wager?" whispered Duke, mischievously.

"That is not decided yet," Bess replied, looking at me, and the doctor's wife looked at me too, knowing as she did, my efforts to elucidate the mystery. But I made no revelations then; I had hardly time, having to hasten away to complete my arrangements with respect to Luke's surprise.

Miss Barclay had seemed to wish it all done as soon as possible, saying she was about to leave the city, and what with my addition to her gift of the carpet, we thought Luke would find the most of his task taken from him in a few days. It may seem Quixotic in me; but I had never given much happiness to other people in my life, and now it was a real pleasure to do it, knowing how good a brother Luke was, and knowing Rose's cheerful, patient ways. So I went out and bought simple, useful furniture enough to stock the little rooms, then by permission previously given, reported to Miss Barclay, and was assured that by the close of his next day's labor, Luke would find his little home all put in order by good fairies.

"And oh, how very, very happy that poor little Hannah will be!" exclaimed Miss Barclay, looking very happy herself as she spoke. She seemed to be a girl of particularly unaffected and lovely character.

When I came home again Duke had gone, but not without saying that he should call very soon again to learn the result of the sherry discussion, and the way the wagers went. The doctor, too, was growing impatient, and said he had allowed us time enough to collect our proofs, and he would not have his accuracy laid under imputation any longer. So the evening of the day after the next was appointed for a final settlement of the question. Bess, seated at the piano, playing an exquisite nocturne from Chopin, seemed to have lost all interest in the debate. Our Bess! I could not keep my eyes away from her; wear what she would, do what she would, she was always unique in any company, oftenest reminding one of high-born ladies painted long ago by Vandyck, dressed a la Queen Elizabeth, haughty and surpassingly lovely. She looked up at me from her music by-and-by, with a bright little smile dispelling all the pride, and said,

"August, your eyes hold romances! I predict strange, beautiful things in your life some day."

Then my impetuous heart betrayed the secret it had kept so long.

"I only ask one strangely beautiful thing for my life, Bess;—it is your love—may I have it?"

She ignored my meaning, and looking at me calmly and very like a Queen, she answered,

"I do love you dearly, August, as much as if you were my brother—but that is not of much worth to you. By-and-by some sweet young face will steal into your dreams like sunshine—and the dreams will come true, and you will forget Bess."

She said these words steadily, quietly, almost coldly, looking straight in my eyes as she spoke, as if by manner more than words she would make me understand how impossible any dream of mine must be into which *her* face had stolen; as if by thus silencing me, and thus translating the love I gave, she had a kind wish to spare my pride. I understood her, and not being capable of her calmness, caught her little hand for a moment tightly in my own, and then left the room.

Ah, well! it was hardly worth while to try any longer to baffle Duke, or win his wager away from him. All I had at stake was lost, when Bess looked so coldly and compellingly into my eyes. But a man's pride is a great help to him when he has a blow to bear, and mine helped me the next day and the next, to act and smile, and talk as usual; and even to make a few more futile efforts about the wine, to please the doctor's wife. I told her what my exploring expedition to Luke's house had brought about, and she became thoroughly interested in his affectionate little sister, and the preparations of that small home.

"Only I see I am to lose Rose in any event," she said.

The second day a great difference was noticeable in Rose, she went singing about her work, but made the most amusing blunders in everything she did, and followed me with her eyes until finally she waylaid me in the hall.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "Luke has told me all about it, and we never can thank you or pay you enough. Oh, sir, you have been too kind; may Our Lady give you as happy a home yourself!" And then the silly little thing actually began to cry. It touched me, I will own, and I was glad that sometimes in this world things did go right with loving hearts. But, besides not being a Roman Catholic, I had great reason to fear that her prayer to "Our Lady" for me would never be granted.

Evening came, and with it came Duke to hear how the wagers went. We all assembled in the parlor, and the doctor with great animation gave his view of the case.

"The first wine was port," he said, "very excellent, rich old port, probably forty years old, and so much beyond port in general that it might easily be mistaken for fine brown sherry, as I in fact did mistake it. Then, after drinking as we did that rich, strong wine, and after taking ice-cream, and that sweet, cloying cake, it is not to be wondered at that the flavor of the exquisitely delicate pale sherry should have failed to be appreciated, and should have seemed at the moment more like a light sour wine. But the next day, the moment I tasted it, I knew it was the best sherry that ever came out of a cellar. That is my explanation of the mystery, and now, my dear, if you haven't a better, just hand me that twenty dollars!"

"Oh!" said his wife, yielding gracefully to the necessity of the case, "I would not presume to have an opinion different from my husband's."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Duke.

"Are you convinced?" the doctor asked, turning to me.

"How can I help it?" I said, nonchalantly, letting the tide flow the way it would.

"Why don't you ask Miss Bessie, doctor?" suggested Duke.

"Certainly, certainly! Queen Bess, was I right, after all?" asked the doctor.

The sea-shell pink flushed and paled in her lovely face.

"They have all deserted me, but I don't want to yield," she said, half defiantly.

"O, yes, Bessie, you will have to give it up," said the doctor's wife.

"Come, Bess, the hock was sherry, wasn't it?" urged the doctor.

"Yes!" she said, desperately, to end the matter, since they would not let her off. And so, after a little more triumphant raillery on the doctor's part, one half the party dismissed wine from their minds, and other subjects of conversation were started, Duke and I joining with the rest, but he watched Bess, and I watched him. And when the doctor was fairly launched into an explanation of some difficult point in theology, with his wife for chief listener, Duke turned toward the mantle, took down the little rosewood box and handed it with its key to Bess. She held it idly in her hand a moment, as if, after all, she would rather not solve the mystery; but at last, with Duke's eyes full upon her, she turned the key, lifted the lid, and took the card out of its hiding-place. I held my breath, Duke stood like marble, and the unconscious doctor went on philosophising.

She did not look up at once; it was doubtful how she received it; then she smiled, as if considering it all a joke, and glanced gayly round at Duke's face; that face seemed to show her that he was in earnest, for the smile died away, and a shade of indignant reproach darkened in her eyes.

"All things cannot be won as you would win a horse, or a pair of gloves!" she said, coldly.

Duke let a gleam of lightning fall upon her from his eyes, then his whole face changed, till it wore a look of unutterable love, and he said, in a low voice, bending over her,

"I only hope to win the right to *try* to win all I ask of Fate."

The indignation and the reproach melted out of Bessie's eyes, but she did not say one word.

"Now, August, I appeal to you," said the doctor, earnestly, "tell me exactly what you think of the Athanasian Creed, and of the causes that led to the separation of the Greek Church."

I turned to answer this weighty question as well as I could, by some clever evasion, and when next I looked at Bess, her hand lay in Duke's. That was enough.

"Doctor," I said then, suddenly, "if you will tell me in what European libraries any rare old books on these subjects may be found, which you would like to have me investigate for you, I will undertake the commission cheerfully, as I sail for England next week."

There was a chorus of amazement and dismay, interrupted by little Mamie, who picked up something from the floor, exclaiming,

"Why, what a funny card! no name at all on it, only '*yourself*,' and O, Queen Bess, I never saw you wear that pretty ring before!"

"Yes, I sail for England next week," I repeated.

P. S. The steamer leaves the wharf to-morrow morning. I have just learned, to my annoyance, that Mr. Barclay and daughter have also engaged passage. I had hoped to be able to avoid every possible acquaintance, but things always seem to go contrariwise with me!

Simplicity in Language.

Don't part with your common sense when you write. You need not make an idiot of yourself, because you have a pen in your hand. Be simple, be honest, be unaffected in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call things by their right names; never smother your thought with a cloud of phrases; let a spade be a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; let home be home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. With your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say, and say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. The wise man will so speak that no one may observe how he speaks. Above all, do not bore your company with an affectation of precision and accuracy. One of the worst nuisances is the talker who is always setting you right. If some one says that 10,000 men were killed in some battle, do not tell him that it was only 9,970. Allow for a little latitude of statement in the freedom of easy talk, and be not shocked with a certain degree of harmless embellishment, when no false impression is given or intended. Talk to please not yourself, but your neighbor; give him the refreshment of sitting by a cheerful, modest, sensible talker; one who is equally ready to give or to take; and who leaves his facts and his opinions on your memory; not the words in which they were uttered. Be a gentleman in openness of demeanor, in simplicity of language, in freedom from singularity, if not by birth. Show your good taste and good breeding in your speech and style, if not in the fashion of your dress or your knowledge of etiquette.

☞ Charles James Fox, as he appeared at the gaming table, with his coat turned inside out for luck, or lying in the hot weather pretty nearly stark naked on the sofa, would scarcely have been thought a young man of promise. Yet he was a man of fulfillment for all that. He would have done a great deal more if he had not frequented the tables, no doubt; but he is one out of ten thousand illustrations of the commonplace that a man may make a great mark in spite of almost every vice that human nature can fall into. In spite of them, remember; not owing to them, at least not as a general rule.

☞ A clerical magistrate, in England, recently imprisoned a little girl, ten years old, for stealing a penny out of another child's pocket, at Sunday-school.

☞ It is rather funny to see the conductors of the street cars punch every lady passenger in the back with the idea that they are helping her off the platform!

☞ One of Gough's stories is a neat hit at those dilatory people who are always behind time. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed! that's rather uncommon." "Oh no, common enough—two hands like other people—and *a little behind hand!*"

☞ The brain of Green, the Malden murderer, recently hanged in Massachusetts, was weighed after his death by Prof. Wyman. The cerebrum weighed 3 lbs. 3 oz; the cerebellum 5 oz; total 2 lbs. 8 oz. This was a small brain—the average weight of the human brain being 3 lbs. 2 oz. Green's cerebellum was large in proportion to the cerebrum, being as 1 to 7. The average proportion is 1 to 8. The animal propensities were thus in undue proportion to his moral organization.

☞ A PRESIDENTIAL JOKE.—President Johnson, it is said, has recently got off a pretty fair joke. A Connecticut office-seeker closed a recent application for office with an inquiry whether the breach between the President and Congress could not be repaired. The President wrote, in reply, that he is not so much in the line of "repairing breeches" as he formerly was.

☞ The New Orleans Star describes a ball given in that city by the milliners and modistes, during which the dress of one of the dancers caught fire. The Star adds:—"Some idea of her style of dancing may be gathered, when it is further stated that the dress caught from one of the chandeliers overhead."

☞ The Pithole Record says that a Mr. Gould, of Titusville, requested Mr. Burtis to look after his well on Pithole Run, near Dawson Centre, to see if "all was well," and when Mr. Burtis went up to reconnoitre the premises, lo and behold! some vagabond of the baser sort had actually stolen the engine, tools, tubing, engine-house, derrick, sampson post, and the entire thing, leaving nothing but the hole, and it is feared the scamp will come back and dig up the hole and sell it for pump logs.

☞ A widow lady of Danville, Ky., took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen she married him, she then being in her 80th year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 68 years old, and she 18.

☞ A correspondent of the Shasta Courier, writing from Montana, says: "There are two distinct classes of people here. Those from the Eastern States are called 'Tender Feet,' and those from the western slope are called 'Yonder Siders;' and, what is strange, they are strongly opposed to one another."

☞ At the Lincoln birthday, in Carson City, California, there was a grand turnout of the *staff* of militia life. The Colonels and Gigadier Brindles nearly equalled the privates in number. Really, the staff looked magnif—resplendent as all the members were in gold cord and brass nubs all over 'em. As the blazing head part of the procesh passed a certain point, a hypercritical or envious fellow exclaimed, "It would be terrible slaughter of white men, if these fellows should go to war with the Injuns." "Why so!" inquired one, "they are all brave men." "Of course they are," retorted the other; "but don't you know the Injuns would fight like Satan for those clothes?"

The Frightful White Man.

There must be something, (says Dr. Livingstone,) in the appearance of white men frightfully repulsive to the unsophisticated natives of Africa; for, on entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if we met a child coming quietly and unsuspectingly toward us, the moment he raised his eyes and saw the men in "bags" he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British Museum. Alarmed by the child's wild outcries, the mother rushes out of her hut, but darts back again at the first glimpse of the same fearful apparition. Dogs turn tail, and scour off in dismay; and hens, abandoning their chickens fly screaming to the tops of the houses. The so lately peaceful village becomes a scene of confusion and hubbub until calmed by the laughing assurance of our men that white people do not eat black folks: a joke having oftentimes greater influence in Africa than solemn assertions. Some of our young swells, on entering an African village, might experience a collapse of self-inflation at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them as from hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into public hobgoblins, the mammas holding naughty children away from them, and saying, "Be good, or I shall call the white man to bite you."

Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo rises, winter and summer, with the sun. He lights his fire and makes his coffee; then he writes, reads or composes until eleven, and during that time no one troubles him in his meditations. At eleven, whatever the temperature may be, he goes out on the terrace of the house, which is on the same level as his room, and makes long ablutions with cold water. Then comes the breakfast hour, devoted to family chat and the reading of newspapers and letters. This meal generally lasts for an hour and a half. Then the poet takes long walks across the island. He works while walking, and often stops before the points he specially admires. He is not much given to eating. His table is simply set, and he is always satisfied with the dishes set before him. Although he has a good appetite, he is moderate, and no one can say that he has seen him commit the least excess. Victor Hugo goes to bed early, generally before ten o'clock. Pens, ink and paper are placed on a table nigh him. Often in his broken sleep he jots down the thoughts that cross his mind. Sometimes he writes in the dark and makes hieroglyphics that in the morning he alone can decipher.

A Pigeon Story.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin tells the following: A few weeks ago a large number of pigeons had made a resting-place under the cornice of the Auttin Block, corner of Spring and West-Water streets, and had become so great an annoyance it was necessary to keep them away. For this purpose a wire gauze was nailed up the full length of the cornice. It happened when the gauze was put up one of the pigeons remained behind it, a close prisoner there, and has been for three weeks, but during all this time he has been daily fed by his companions. Almost every hour of the day several pigeons will be found clinging to the gauze, and waiting patiently their turn to deliver to the imprisoned pigeon the food they have brought him, and every one seems to be more anxious to supply him than he is to feed himself. The most choice bits that can be picked up are reserved for their poor companion, and he is now living on the fat of the land.

No Rose Without a Thorn.

I ask'd for a kiss, but you deem'd it amiss
To be touch'd by a beard so thorny,
And, curtseying low, said, "I'd have you, sir, know,
A scratch would in nowise adorn me."

"I grant it—'tis true; but, appealing to you,
I would fain only ask you whether
(Since the roses are thine, and the sharp thorns mine)
Both ought not to flourish together?"

☞ Miss Ann R. Adams, an ancient maiden, 68 years of age, residing at Danville, Va., is cutting a fourth set of teeth and growing a new crop of dark hair. Mrs. Elizabeth Coristy, a widow lady, 65 years of age, living in Winchester, is cutting a new set of teeth, after being toothless for years. Verily, nature abhors a vacuum!

☞ The Sultan of Turkey has directed the translation of the Koran to be made so that every educated Turk may read it for himself in his own language. The Koran has never before been put in the hands of its believers in any other form than its native Arabic, and strict Mohammedans regard the translation as impious. When remonstrated with, the Minister of the Sultan replied that Christians are translating their sacred books and placing them in the hands of the Turks, and that he is doing this as means of self-defence.

☞ The Recorder is "satisfied, from meeting the best men among both Presbyterians and Congregationalists at the West, that peace from denominational war and bitterness is the demand of the hour."

☞ "The Malden's Prayer," written by N. P. Willis, begins thus:—

"She rose from her delicious sleep
And put away her soft brown hair."

This maiden must have lived prior to the advent of the "waterfall." At present the maidens put away "their soft brown hair," before going to their "delicious sleep."

☞ It may not be generally known, says the *Illustrirte Zeitung* that the famous statue of Pompey, at whose feet Julius Cæsar died, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Hartford, whose father paid 125,000 francs for it.

☞ The Boston city government has appropriated $10,000 for the establishment of free salt-water bathing-places this summer.

☞ The principal dancer at one of the London theatres recently brought an action for assault against a man who had thrown a cabbage-head at her when upon the stage, and which she had only escaped by a genuflexion not down in the ballet-manual. The defence was that it was the only style of bouquet available to his pocket and hand. He was fined ten shillings and costs.

☞ Some of the London merchants have instituted a custom of charging an admission fee to their stores. The lady sight-seers can enter by paying a small fee, and examine all the latest styles and costumes without making any purchases unless disposed to do so.

NOT ALONE.

Open the window, darling,
Long has the sun been high,
And the skylark sings upon quivering wings
Far in the bright blue sky.
Strange and deep is the joy of sleep
When the cares of day are flown,
When we wholly forget its fever and fret—
Not alone, ah, not alone.

Open the window, darling,
Sweet is the breath of day;
Though naught can eclipse thy ruddy young lips,
No sweeter in truth are they.
Golden bright is the sun's broad light—
Let us wander forth, my own;
Let me lie on the turf by the cool white surf—
Not alone, ah, not alone.

☞ Not so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist church whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "*That man!* Well, if *that* man is to be admitted to the church he ought to *soak over-night.*"

☞ James Gordon Bennett, the millionaire proprietor of the New York Herald, was once saved from starvation by finding a shilling on Boston Common. Was that providential, or not?

☞ Somebody says, that in a Southern state there is one preacher who has charge of four churches, edits a newspaper, is President of a Female College, runs several peddler wagons, keeps a farm, and owns several patent rights which he farms out.

☞ In excavations now going on at Pompeii, traces of Christianity have just been discovered. In the house of Panza, in the street of Fortune, a sculptured cross not yet finished has been found, covered with insulting inscriptions and caricatures ridiculing the notion of a crucified God.

☞ An irascible gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back.

☞ A lady was asked the other day why she chose to live a single life. She naively replied—"Because I am not able to support a husband."

☞ In Berlin, Prussia, there were in the year 1865 no less than two hundred and eighty-five thousand executions levied by the constables on the goods of poor debtors, whereby their furniture and other trifles were seized and sold for the benefit of their creditors. Eight hundred of such procedures a day, and that in the capital where the king, the aristocracy, of officials and officers are spending their money! Oh, there is something more than rotten in Europe; and who wonders that millions are looking for rescue from their misery, for help and a brighter future to the blessed shores of our country?

☞ As the names of the inventors are sometimes forgotten and even lost, we may here mention that a French photographer named Disderi, claims to be inventor of the "carte-de-visite," patented November 27, 1854. M. Disderi, who has establishments in Paris, Toulon, and Madrid, has lately opened branches in London—one, in Brompton, being for Equestrian photography. He announces that photo-painting, carte-enamel, and photography on silk are his new processes.

☞ Mr. Quilp says the Fenians have been boring a great while without striking "ile." He means the Emerald Isle.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.
An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENÉ, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

From the New York Evangelist.

"We are slow to believe in the efficacy of new remedies which are offered to the public, but the frequent testimony of clergymen and others of our acquaintance has assured us that DR. COLTON has at last found a means of extracting teeth absolutely without pain."

"To DR COLTON is due the credit of reviving the use of this most important agent (nitrous oxide) in the practice of Dentistry."—*Letter from Surgeon Carnochan, N. Y.*

The Colton Dental Association makes a specialty of the use of the Nitrous Oxide for Extracting Teeth, having originated its use three years since. Branch Offices in New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and 737 Walnut street, Philada. my5-2t

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor.
feb10-3m Boston, Mass.

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"ITCH"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	Cures	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	Itching Piles,	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	all Skin Diseases.	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	Price 50 cents.	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	By sending 50 cents to	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	Dr. SWAYNE & SON.	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"ITCH."
"ITCH"	age paid, to any address.	"ITCH."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar31-6owtf

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

PITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $20. jan27-cow10t

THERE has nothing as yet surpassed PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use, for many internal and external complaints that flesh is heir to. To convince you of the fact, you have but to call at the drug store, where you can get a bottle—from twenty-five cents to one dollar.—*Tennessee Organ.* my5-2t

NEVER WEAR A COUGH, or irritation on the lungs, when you can buy AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, the world's great remedy that cures it. my5-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Dropsy—These medicines act with such an effect on the system that the fluids are imperceptibly carried off and prevented from future accumulation. They purify the blood, regulate the secretions and give tone to the stomach. Sold everywhere

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of April, by his Honor, Mayor McMichael, GEORGE H. KIRK, of this city, to ANNIE N. RUSSELL, of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM DEHAVEN, of Chester county, Pa., to Miss SALLIE TOWERS, of this city.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. SAMUEL BRISTOW to Miss MARGARET MCARTHUR, both of this city.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. Dr. Krotel, CARL A. NORRING, of Porsgrund, Norway, to Miss EMMA S., daughter of the late Chas. Birnbaum, of Phila.

On the 17th of April, by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Mr. JOHN STEWART to Miss REBECCA KINCAID, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29d of April, Mrs. CATHARINE A. INGERSOLL, relict of the late Edw. Ingersoll, of this city.

On the 23d of April, WILLIAM OXNE, in his 69th year.

On the 22d of April, Mrs. ELIZABETH YOUNG, aged 41 years.

On the 23d of April, Miss SARAH LIPPINCOTT, in her 66th year.

On the 22d of April, JONAH BOND, in his 81st year.

On the 21st of April, RICHARD C. MATLACK, in his 67th year.

On the 21st of April, JOHN DUFFY, in his 40th year.

On the 21st of April, MONDECAI V. ASHMORE, in his 41st year.

On the 20th of April, HENRY W., son of the late Wm. and Hannah Ridgway, in his 47th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff
It keeps the head cool and clean,
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly white texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
Address all orders to

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Hunsden's Express

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,

JAMES DORRANCE.

Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan27-cow6m Proprietors, New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR.—My Golden Beauty will curl your hair into waving curls, and last six months. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. ap14-4t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been less active during the past week. Sales comprise 11,000 bbls including 1000 bbls good Northwest family at $9.50; 1500 bbls low grade at $9@9,25; 1200 bbls fancy at $10,25@10,50; 2000 bbls Penna and Ohio family at $10,50@11; 500 choice Ohio do at $@13; 600 bbls superfine at $7@8, and 1200 bbls of extra at $8,50@9,50 ₩ bbl, including small lots of fancy at from $13@15 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour sells at $4,75@5 ₩ bbl; and 600 bbls Penna Corn Meal at $3,50 ₩ bbl

GRAIN—Wheat has been less active; about 25 000 bus sold, including common red at $2@2,10; fair at $2,35@2,40; good at $2,50@2,55; choice at $2,60@2,65; spring Wheat at from $1,70@2, and white at from $2 60@2,90 ₩ bus. Penna Rye sells at 95c, and Delaware at 80c Corn, 40,000 bus prime yellow sold at 80@83c ₩ bus Oats, 24,000 bus sold at 60c for Delaware and Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is a firmer feeling in the market. New Mess Pork sells in a small way at $27 @27,25 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams at 20@22c, and pickled do at 17@17½c ₩ lb. Lard 150 tcs sold at 19½c ₩ lb. Butter continues in fair demand; sales of roll are making at 40@46c, and solid packed at 27@35c ₩ lb. New York Cheese is selling at from 21@ 22½c ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 20@21c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet, and about 750 bales of Middlings sold at from 35@36c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at Port Richmond at from $5@5,50 for White Ash and $5,25@ 5,75 ₩ ton for Red Ash

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 42@43c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales prime Western at 75@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce at from $4@7 ₩ bbl; new dried do sell at 14@16c, and old at 7@13c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales at 11@16c for quarters, and 17@20c ₩ bbl for halves.

HAY—Baled is selling at from $15@16 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales new Eastern and Western at 50@75c, and old at from 16@31c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—700 bus sold at $4@4,25 for common; $4,50@5 for fair to good, and $5,50@6 ₩ 64 lbs for prime and choice. Timothy—Sales are reported at $3,25@3,50 ₩ bus. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2 60@2,65 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling at from $2,50@ 2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—Small sales of bbls at $2,24@2,28, for Pennsylvania, and $2,27@2,28 ₩ gall for Ohio.

WOOL—The market has been very dull; about 175,000 lbs sold in lots at from 57@60c for full blood, 55@56c for three-quarter blood, 50@54c for half blood, 42@45c for quarter blood, 40@42c for common, and 45 to 50c ₩ lb for tub, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 15½@16c ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 90 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 24 0 Hogs sold at from $12,50 @13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

EGYPTIAN CORN.

BONA FIDE QUID PRO QUO.

The subscriber offers to farmers throughout the country the Egyptian Corn, which, upon trial, was found to ripen planted even the 1st of July. It is estimated, from its very prolific qualities, to yield 200 bushels per acre, and weighs, by sealed measure, 65 pounds to the bushel. The corn was produced from some procured direct from Mr. Jones, our Consular Agent, directly on his return from Egypt.

It needs no different culture from that of other varieties, and in the South two crops can be raised in one season on the same ground. It grows in the form of a tree, and twenty-two ears have grown upon one stalk, and will average from 5 to 15. For domestic use, it is unparalleled. When ground and properly bolted, it is equal in color and fineness to wheaten flour. As a forage crop, by sowing in drills or broadcast, for early feed, there is no kind of corn so well adapted to milch cows, and none that will yield half the value in stalk or corn.

It can be successfully grown in any State.

I can give the most satisfactory references that the corn is in every respect what I represent it to be; and further, I am the only person throughout the country who has this variety of corn. Having secured a quantity, I am now able to fill all orders for those desirous of testing it.

To any person who will enclose, in a letter, $1 in stamps or currency, directed to me, I will send, postage paid, sufficient corn to produce enough to plant, the following year, from twenty to thirty acres. Also, direction for planting and cultivation.

Any person who will get up a club of five will receive a package gratis.

Give your full name, post-office, county and State, written plain, so that no errors may occur.

Address FRANK E. G. LINDSEY,
Raven's Nest P. O., Washington county, Va.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENT!

CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Head-dresses, patterns for Knitting, Crotchet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Bache, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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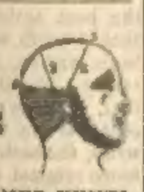

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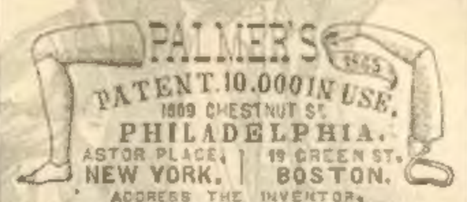

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SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
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Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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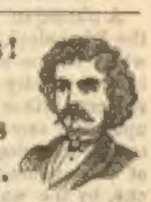

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MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
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FAST LINE	" 12 00	M.
PARKESBURG	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	" 5.30	"
ERIE MAIL*	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS‡	at 1.10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	" 8.20	"
PARKESBURG	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.50	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.40	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.10	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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Have been opened at No 831 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House, where Tickets may be procured to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as the West, North-west, and South-west; and full particulars given as to time and connections, by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

The Ticket Office at West Philadelphia will be continued as heretofore, where all information respecting routes, as well as Tickets, can be had on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-6m No. 137 Dock Street.

HERE IT IS!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address FRANKLIN & JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. ap14-4t

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 92, Albany, N. Y. mar10-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

My Courtship.

When I was sixteen, I fell in love. There was nothing remarkable in that, for most young men of that age do the same thing. But what I am going to tell you is, how my courtship terminated.

It was at a party I saw Sallie B——, who was one of the sweetest girls in Ticktown; and, I tell you, she looked sweet in her white muslin ball dress, with her hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

I got an introduction, danced with her once, twice, thrice, and I was just the happiest man in all Ticktown.

Well, at last the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss B——. That was all I wanted, and I didn't sleep much before Sunday evening—for that was the time I'd fixed to call.

I called; saw Miss Sallie to church—saw her home; and when I left I had a pressing invitation to call again, and I did not forget it, I assure you.

At the end of a month I was completely gone. At last I resolved to "pop the question," and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Courtship Made Easy" thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task.

The time arrived. Here I was, sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist! I took her hand in mine, and screwed up my courage to say, "Dear Sallie, do you love me?"

She made no answer; but her eyes were cast down, and I hoped—yes, I was certain—she loved me. I put both my arms around her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head, and said:

"*You're as bad as Sam Simmons!*"

A Maine Law Drink.

At the time of the passage of the Maine Law in the State of Vermont, there was in one of the towns bordering upon New York State an individual whom we will call Riley. Riley "loved whiskey and hated snakes," and, as a consequence, he found it considerable trouble to cross the State line to indulge.

A Mr. B—— was appointed agent to disburse liquors for medicinal purposes. Riley plied Mr. B—— in vain to let him have liquor. His pleas of sickness were so transparent that they always failed, and Riley had to be content to go without for days together. It so chanced, that while cutting wood, Riley had the misfortune to cut his toe rather badly. Some one said that he "had ought to have" some whiskey put on his toe. Riley immediately departed for Mr. B——'s, where he arrived, and finding Mr. B—— in, he said:

"Mr. B——, I have cut my toe, and I would like some whiskey to put on it."

Mr. B—— drew the liquor, and Riley slowly pulled off his boot. Mr. B—— set the glass down upon the counter, and, as he did so, Riley grabbed it up, and swallowed the contents, and as he did so, he commenced rubbing his limb with his other hand, exclaiming:

"There, go down to my toe."

Oiling a Ventriloquist.

A physician says that as he was going down the Mississippi, some months since, on a steamer whose engine was upon the deck, he sauntered in that vicinity to see the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent upon the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil-can, (a gigantic one, by the way,) the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind, liberally applied the contents of his can to every joint. All went on well for a while, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly around toward the spot occupied by the doctor and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist. Walking directly up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the back of the neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his spine. "There!" said he, "I don't believe that old engine will squeak again."

THE NASHVILLE TIME.—A Frenchman who was master of horse to one of our Generals during the late war, was sent from Stone River, where his brigade was lying, on an errand into Nashville. As he set out the General told him to bring him the Nashville time. As soon as he returned he went to the General, took out his watch with an important air, and said, "It was just one quarter un trees o'clock when I leav ze seetie, then I stop my vatch, so he keep the reeght time."

"But what is the time now?"

"Ah, dat I know not. You sais breeng de Nashville time; I breengs him exzactly!"

"ABOUT MIDDLING."—Old Rev. Mr. B. was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his church, when, after praising the many virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband and said:

"My beloved brother, you have been called to part with one of the best and loveliest of wives—"

Up jumped the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by sorrowfully saying—

"O, no, Brother B., not the best; but about middling—about middling, Brother B."

☞ In Palgrave's recent work on Arabia there is an amusing and suggestive story of a man who complained to the emir's son, that one of his neighbors smoked. "How do you know it?" asked the emir "I smelt it," said the man. "Then you entered your neighbor's private apartment?" "No," was the reply: "I only put my nose in." Whereupon the emir ordered the executioner to snip off the complainant's nose, so as to save it from the temptation of sniffing in another man's harem in future.

☞ The Salt Lake Vidette says that "funny freaks occur in Utah." A short time since a Mormon was frozen between two wives. He was engaged in hauling wood between the respective cabins of his first and second wives.

☞ G. Hosaphat has a plan for paying off the national debt. His proposition is to convert the entire indebtedness into greenbacks and keep them in circulation until they wear out.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

TOM (to his little Cousin Reginald, who has just come to boarding school, and whom he diligently takes care of)—"Hallo, Reggy! what a' you got there? An orange? why the most beastly unwholesome thing you can eat!—'t any rate, give's hold and let's squeeze the nasty juice out for you!"

Varieties of Bad Temper.

Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent, beforehand, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness—the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worse than all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill-temper.

A Royal Woman.

The Empress of Austria is one of the most beautiful of European princesses, and famed for her kindness of temper, notwithstanding her rather haughty bearing. She is tall, slender, graceful, with a very white skin, and a good deal of color, large, limpid blue eyes, and an amazing head of light hair, which she wears in eight massive braids, wound round and round her head, forming a magnificent diadem of hair, such as very few women could match from their own resources. She is also said to be highly accomplished. She speaks all the principal tongues of Europe, and is particularly fond of the English language, which she speaks as perfectly as though it were her native dialect. She is an excellent musician, paints and draws extremely well, and is one of the boldest and most skilful horsewomen of Austria. She possesses a stud of very valuable horses, and a pack of splendid hounds; and she is said to take the warmest interest in the racing and hunting of all Europe, and to know by heart the names of the heroes of the turf, biped and quadruped, of all the countries of Europe.

☞ SAFE PASSENGER SHIPS.—It is proposed in England to establish a line of vessels between England and Australia exclusively for passenger traffic. No freight is to be carried, and by this plan a high rate of speed can be secured, whilst the vessels will be so designed that they can never sink. They will be made so buoyant that even if filled with water they will still float.

☞ BOARDING HOUSE LADY.—"Do you like meat rare, sir?" New Lodger—"No, madam, I like it three times a day."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ONE THING WE WANT.

That is just exactly what our little Love wanted yesterday, when having mislaid her doll baby and forgotten the place, she hunted everywhere, and finally went to mother with—"Ma, I want more *think*."

That's it exactly. That's what farmers universally—with exceptions of course—want, more *think*. More independent, to-the-purpose, practical thought. Why, this very day, in this year of grace 1866, fully three-fifths of all our farmers every where are doing business on a mental capital that was their great great grandfather's, never waking up to the necessity of newer thoughts, and consequent progress.

That is not the way, fellow farmers, by which we are to come up to a higher standard as a class, to elevate above the condition of slavish drudgery a calling as honorable and of itself more ennobling than any other under heaven.

We ought never to rest content with the lessons our grandfathers taught, our fathers learned. The world moves—so commerce, science, arts, manufactures, mechanics—ideas—men. Why not agriculture and agriculturists?

Well, we do—I, a few—only the few, move in a way that leaves distances far too wide apart to hold up Agriculture to an honorable level with other professions and callings, so that in a dioramic view we have Agriculture, very like a beautiful continental curtain, looped and held up at intervals wide apart by thinking heads and progressive hands, hanging all between in dragging, slovenly folds.

What we want is a universal, wide-awake, practical and universal *think*, one that shall be progressive and continuous, as well as elevating and ennobling in its results. Let us all, every man of us think, always endeavoring to lay in a newer and better stock of thought. Every one thinking for himself to the best of his ability, and then accepting from those having more capacity and better opportunities than ourselves, such teachings as being followed will elevate Agriculture to the honorable position it ought every where to occupy.

SCISSORING.

Editorial scissoring is as much the law of the land as the Homestead law—a great deal more popularly practised. All very proper, too, on several accounts. No one, except some very green one, expects that an editor is to write up a whole newspaper or magazine himself, or that the publisher is going to pay some one, or several ones to write up all the contents original for every issue, knowing that the editor can scissor by a shorter cut as good material as can be written, and just as new as "original" to ninety-nine in every hundred cases among readers.

Nevertheless we have an idea of our own, differing very widely from that of an agricultural editorial friend, who sets his face against original and editorial material in an agricultural journal, arguing that he can *scissor* out a better, more entertaining and instructive paper for farmers than himself or any other man can write. Further, that after a brief time, editor and contributors will have written out all they know, and—"What will their paper be then?" he asks.

Now, here is evidently an error, *currente calamo*, that farmers ought to notice and make a note of. Almost all agricultural editors courteously invite farmers to write, and write freely and fearlessly for their agricultural papers. Very proper, indeed. The very way to bring out a thousand new facts and progressive ideas.

The narrow doctrine that *scissors* can make the best agricultural paper supposes that all that is worth writing on agriculture has already been written, and that farmers' heads are all empty. We are not of the number who believe that. On the contrary, it is as apparent as any other fact in this world, that the more farmers write, the better farmers they become, and the more original agricultural material agricultural journals publish the better papers they are.

Suppose every agricultural editor in the country should take to making up his paper exclusively from exchanges. When they had scissorized each other all to atoms about ten weeks consecutively, no new grists coming in, we should like to know what one of them would be worth to a farmer?

FLOUR OF BONE.

Yes—it will do famously—capital fertiliser, flour of bone is—grand thing for farmers and farms, provided it cost nothing, or only so much as the soil can refund and leave a living profit to the one using it. But as its cost at factory as advertised is $70 per ton of 2,000 lbs., farmers had better not think of flour of bone as a field fertiliser.

For rich amateurs and such "truck" gardeners as have regular customers for extra early, extra nice vegetables, the purchase of flour of bone in small parcels—say a barrel or so, may do. We know that in garden culture there is no other material nearly equal to the pure flour of raw bone. But the price. There's the nick. As a rule, in all field culture the farmer cannot afford to fertilize with anything costing more than two and a half cents per pound. Whatever has another fraction of a cent added he must let alone or lose by it, and as the bone flour has a whole cent added, we cannot use it yet. A great pity, too.

THE RINDERPEST.

As at present advised, there seems to be no disputing but that the real simon pure plague is among the horned cattle on the isthmus of Panama. Admitting that it is, what is going to prevent its travelling up the west coasts of Central America and Mexico, up the Atlantic and gulf coasts of the same countries, passing through California on the west, through Mexico and into Texas on the east, taking the buffalo on the western plains and domestic bovines in the southwest, invading us by two flank marches? No help for it, but blockading the Rio Grande and Rocky Mountains.

GATHERED GRAINS.

When you catch the little yellow striped rascal bugs cutting up your squash, cucumber and melon plants, dust them over and under with soot and cayenne pepper, pretty strong with camphor. They'll go. For cabbages invaded by the black flies or bugs, try Scotch snuff and wood ashes—a quarter of a pound of snuff to a peck of ashes. Good for the cabbage plants, and very bad for the bugs.

Experiment with a row or two of Lima beans by clipping off their heads—not the beans' heads, but the vines, with a pair of shears, just when they begin to look above the poles. See if you don't hurry the ripening and increase the crop by the practice.

——Capital time now, and for two or three weeks, whenever there is found a half hour of leisure, to scrub your choice fruit trees with good soft soap and a stiff brush; afterwards whitewash, taking off the white glare by mixing in lampblack and a little Spanish brown, making the wash as nearly the natural bark color as you can. By this process you will destroy several millions of bark lice and Aphis, that left alone, one of these days will destroy the trees.

——Put out in boxes or half barrels, filled with suitable soil, as early as practicable, several healthy, vigorous sweet potato slips, fertilize liberally, cultivate carefully, and before frost remove to a light, warm room, where the plants will come to maturity and produce seed. The probability is a much improved sweet potato will be obtained from both ends of the plant.

——Tanners' offal and curriers' scraps are the best fertilizers we have ever used for celery, lettuce and radishes. Makes rapid growth, and not a mite of leather flavor about the material.

——As a general rule, all agricultural laborers in the northern Atlantic and New England States, wanting work, had better look for it near home. More men and less demand out west than there are this way.

——Flour in Mexico is from $45 to $60 per barrel. Labor from $8 to $11 per day, with a poor prospect of two days' employment in three months. Those intending to run their country, better not run over there.

RECEIPTS.

SOUPE A LA JULIENNE.—*A French Recipe.*—Take 3 lb. of shin of beef, or 6 lb. of gravy beef (if for company), a bone or two of roast meat, or half an old fowl, and, if possible, a bone from bacon or ham; place them in a deep soup pot or pan, with six quarts of cold water. Do not put on the lid. Boil these ingredients for ten or fifteen minutes, then skim carefully, and place the pan on a hot plate, or else on the top of the oven, replacing the lid. After skimming, add one leek, with four cloves stuck in it, some salt, and one carrot, but no turnip. Simmer this soup very gently for eight hours. If you wish it to be clear, be careful not to move or shake the pan, or stir the contents; if you do so you will injure the color, which should resemble golden sherry. Place a sieve or piece of coarse muslin over a large basin, and ladle the soup into it with the greatest care. It is best not to remove it all. What is left should be reduced, and used for gravy or thicker soup another day. When quite cold, remove the fat, and when wanted add vegetables, prepared as follows, vermicilli or rice, as preferred. Vegetables.—Boil three carrots, some green peas or asparagus tops, or a few young French beans; add one turnip, but it is no improvement, and when nearly done take them out of the water and place them in a casserole with a piece of butter; cook them for a few minutes, and add them to the soup, taking as little butter up with them as possible. Two or three lumps of white sugar is an addition to the flavor, which will be very delicate if the soup is made slowly. Wood fires are better for making soup on than coal fires, as the latter make more watchfulness necessary.

TURKISH DOLMAR.—Mince fine 1 lb. of beef and ½ lb. of fat; add to them one teacupful of swelled rice, some chopped parsley, a small eschalot, and pepper and salt to taste. Put some large vine leaves, or, if they cannot be had, some delicate cabbage leaves, in boiling water for a few minutes, then place a small quantity of the minced meat, &c., in each, fold the leaf over so as to make it about two inches square, fasten the dolmas up and place them carefully in a stewpan with enough water or broth to cover them, simmer them gently for an hour and a half, and serve them with white sauce made either with the broth they have been cooked in, or water, flour, yolk of egg, and butter; add lemon juice to flavor. Another recipe gives mutton instead of beef, but the directions for preparing the dish are very similar.

CARROT FRITTERS.—Beat two small boiled carrots to a pulp with a spoon, add three or four eggs, and half a handful of flour; moisten with cream, milk, or a little white wine, and sweeten to taste; beat all well together, and fry them in boiling lard. When of a good color, take them off, serve on a *serviette*, having squeezed over them the juice of an orange, and strewed them over with finely-sifted sugar.

ORANGE FRITTERS.—Some large fine oranges should be selected and peeled, leaving as little as possible of the white part of the peel. They should then be cut in thin slices, and the pips carefully removed, or a bitter taste will be imparted to the fritters. The slices of orange should now be dipped in batter, and fried a pale brown, being made very dry. The fritter should be served on a *serviette*, with sifted sugar strewed over them.

PLAIN MUFFINS.—1 pint quite warm water, 7 large tablespoonsful of yeast, 1 egg, salt, flour enough to make a batter. It must be beaten a good while. Rise in the morning if for tea, at night if for breakfast.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk scalded; while boiling stir in a cupful of Indian meal; sweeten with molasses; two eggs well beaten; salt, spice, butter. Bake half an hour.

HOW TO PAINT A PLASTER CAST.—First, give the group a coat of boiled oil, then leave it for twelve hours, after which it will be ready for another coat of the same; then leave it till the oil has been well absorbed through the pores, when it should have a coat of white paint, and be placed somewhere out of the dust for a day or so. A second coat of paint may then be given, and the process will be finished. Boiled oil may be had at any oilman's as well as the paint, which latter should be strained through a coarse canvas or sieve before using.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 1, 3, 8, 22, is an ancient Chaldean idol representing the sun.

My 1, 2, 8, 9, 16, 20, 47, 48, was the enamorato of Dante.

My 1, 18, 23, 1, 18, 22, is the Persian nightingale.

My 2, 21, 5, 2, was a noble Italian family, and patrons of the poet Tasso.

My 5, 10, 19, 44, 21, 20, 6, 19, 21, was a noted blackguard in Homer.

My 6, 19, 26, 16, is a period of time.

My 7, 8, 46, 25, is the juice of the grape.

My 9, 26, 21, 21, 29, was an Italian poet.

My 10, 11, 28, 4, 45, 46, 37, 32, is a river in Thibet, called the "Sea of Stars," from the multitude of its springs.

My 11, 16, 8, 11, 22, 19, is a golden-yellow bird of the East.

My 14, 15, 29, 22, 48, 13, is a tiny sweet-scented flower of spring.

My 16, 11, 21, 19, 5, 8, 3, whose orchards were filled constantly with turtle-doves.

My 18, 26, 27, 26, 19, 22, was an Italian painter.

My 17, 18, 46, 23, 47, is part of a Turkish dress.

My 21, 4, 16, 23, 21, 5, 26, 46, is the famed "land of roses."

My 22, 29, 39, 38, 21, is a lovely scarlet water-plant of India.

My 23, 38, 28, 39, 26, 46, 26, is a bird of the East, with brilliant blue plumage, and purple beak and legs.

My 24, 29, 36, 34, 46, 29, 29, 16, a large and brilliant diamond.

My 27, 3, 6, is a fairy.

My 30, 34, 39, 47, 36, is a woman who practices unholy enchantments.

My 33, 34, 39, is a "sense, judgment."

My 35, 42, 40, 40, 31, 35, 45, is a fine, wavy, lustrous silk.

My 35, 23, 47, 45, 23, is a small coin of Siam, whose value is sixty cents.

My 31, 41, 26, 46, 38, 21, is one of the planets.

My 43, 12, 31, 1, 41, 31, 21, are Persian fire-worshippers.

My 44, 19, 43, 46, 34, 19, 44, was a French poet.

My whole is a French proverb.

Franklin, Ill. EMMA DESSAU.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A name hateful to the rebels.
A public speaker.
A Jewish doctor.
A part of Pharaoh's dream.

The initials and finals form the names of two towns in Pennsylvania. W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two circles, whose diameters are 60 and 80 rods, have their centres united by a line 120 rods long. I wish to describe another circle, of 100 rods diameter, with its centre somewhere on this connecting line, so that the aggregate quantity thus cut off from both of the first mentioned circles shall be a minimum. Where must the centre be? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Philosophy Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, and the quantity of matter in the earth is 80 times that of the moon. At what distance from the earth, in a direct line toward the moon, must a body be placed to be equally attracted by each, so that it will remain at rest as it respects those bodies? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Progression Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ball begun to move in continual increasing Geometrical progressing velocity: The first hour it moved 640 feet; but was suddenly stopped after it had moved 19171 feet, having moved 10935 feet thereof during the very last hour of its movement. What was the increasing ratio in its hourly movement? and the number of hours that it was permitted to move?

If any Mathematician could return me a definite rule to obtain the last requested answer, he would confer a great favor on me.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a man anxious to get into a house like a butcher at his work? Ans.—Because he knocks and knocks, (knocks an ox)

☞ Why was Adam the swiftest runner in the world? Ans.—Because he was the first in the human race.

☞ What kind of wax would bees use to decorate the tops of their hives? Ans.—Ceiling-wax

☞ Why are sausages like love scenes? Ans.—Because they are affairs *de* (our) *cœur*.

☞ What vegetable's name is often given to a wise man? Ans.—Sage.

☞ What name denotes foliage in autumn? Ans.—Seer.

☞ What notorious duellist was like the covering of a chestnut? Ans.—A. Burr.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Time is money. CHARADE—The letter A. CHARADE—Baltimore (bal—ti—more.)

Answer to Jonas Pike's PROBLEM of March 24th.—He took 10 eggs and sold at 14 cents per dozen. P. F. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens, J. M Greenwood, Solomon Smith, Samuel Smith, W. H. Mitchell, Willie Thomas. He broke 1 egg, and sold at 20 cents per dozen. C. F. Cartwright.

☞ GIVING.—We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.